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EDITORIAL

TWO CHEERS FOR LANE

It was nice to see organized labor follow its Solidarity Day demonstration in Washington, D.C., with a solidly anti-Reagan A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention in New York City last week. The two events showed that big labor is now daring to think about radical alternatives to the complacency of the George Meany era.

In perhaps his most caustic swipe at the Administration to date, Lane Kirkland spoke of the President's "genius and masterful command of Congress," which have given us the highest number of unemployed men and women since 1939 (8.5 million and counting), 15.5 percent unemployment among blacks and minorities and an 11 percent rate among blue-collar workers. David Stockman's disingenuous *cri de coeur* in *The Atlantic*, however, drew Kirkland's most telling rhetorical fusillades. Remember, he said, "that this is the man who once coldly declared that no one is entitled to anything from one's government." As for trickle-down economics, that means a carrot for the rich and the stick (or the sack) for the workers.

We have criticized Kirkland in the past for clubbiness with the same rich and powerful people he excoriated in New York, but we take this speech as a hopeful sign, and an emphatic affirmation that labor and Reaganomics have nothing in common. It may seem quixotic for labor to become more militant in the midst of deepening hard times, but history teaches that it is precisely in such times that militancy may be the only answer. If the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s past cold-war combativeness could be applied on the home front to resisting job-destroying, inflation-fueling rearmament, much could be achieved. And labor needs political allies to stop the flight of jobs and capital abroad—just as the liberal left needs an *organized* labor. Unions make us strong.

THE CHILEAN CONNECTION
Saul Landau
John Dinges

THE TERPIL TRANSCRIPTS
Murray Waas

WHO'S MINDING THE REFUGEES?
William Shawcross

THE FEMINIST PAPERS II
Bella Abzug
Linda Gordon
Marla Erlien

STARS AND BIT PLAYERS
Kurt Vonnegut

THE WILSON-TERPIL CASE

THE C.I.A. & THE 'ROGUE AGENTS'

The recent revelations about the gunrunning, the overseas extension courses in terrorism and the assassination-to-order service of Edwin Wilson and Frank Terpil, former agents of the Central Intelligence Agency, should produce a sense of revulsion among all Americans. But these reports, and the stories by Saul Landau and John Dinges (see page 566) and Murray Waas (see page 568) in this week's *Nation*, ultimately raise questions about the C.I.A.'s complicity in Wilson and Terpil's dealings. Were they merely "rogue agents"—two of perhaps fifteen bad-apple former agents, according to Adm. Stansfield Turner, Director of Central Intelligence, who was quoted by Mike Wallace on *60 Minutes* last November 8? Or were they independent contractors carrying out secret missions for the agency—including selling arms to DINA, the Chilean intelligence agency, as Landau and Dinges reveal for the first time?

The official explanation has been that Wilson and Terpil falsely implied that they were working for U.S. intelligence in order to facilitate their clandestine business; certainly, as Seymour Hersh and others have reported, American arms manufacturers believed that the two were so connected [see editorial, "C.I.A. Connection," *The Nation*, June 27]. But if we believe this, we must also believe that agencies of the Federal government, including the U.S. Army's Special Forces and Counter-Intelligence Corps and the Pentagon itself, with whom the two con men had dealings, were unable to expose them. We have been variously told that the government neglected to investigate their activities for so long because of inadequate resources, poor coordination among agencies or problems of

(*Continued on Page 563*)

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LETTERS.

ISRAEL NOT THE OPPRESSOR

Hollywood

As *another* "Jew raised in World War II with a deep hatred of Nazism," I do not blame Jeffrey Blankfort for his sadly misguided letter, which ran under the blazing headline: "ISRAEL THE OPPRESSOR" ["Letters," *The Nation*, Oct. 10]. Like many well-meaning Jews and non-Jews in the West, he has been overwhelmed by hostile and/or ignorant "reporting" in a wide range of journals by individuals who have absolutely no understanding of the Israeli reality. . . .

I was in Israel during the recent elections, in which Israelis once again showed the world that a country beleaguered by enemies and besieged by economic woes can perform an exciting and vibrant exercise in democracy, something few nations can still claim to do in an increasingly authoritarian world. It was fascinating how similar Israel's political structure is to America's (no cause for rejoicing, perhaps, but no justification for endless abuse), fascinating how the working classes of Israel, made up of predominantly less educated and more religious individuals whose origins are in Arab lands, are the ones who support Menachem Begin and Ariel Sharon and the Gush Emunim settlers in the West Bank. Just like our hard hats and ethnics during the Vietnam War, *these* are the hawks. Half of the people voted for the Labor Party, which is not much different from the liberal wing of our Democratic Party. A few thousand votes kept Begin in office. The religious parties, contrary to the impression given by the Western press, lost *half* of their seats and are left representing less than 10 percent of the electorate. True, the parliamentary nature of Israel's political system gives them undue influence, but a growing alliance of leftist parties will soon equal that 10 percent and will be able to throw its weight in the opposite direction.

There will always be loonies and fascists in *every* country—Israel has far fewer than most. Why is it just Israel that is supposed to be different? It is *not* different. Begin's government is as unattractive to me and to half of Israel's voters as Reagan's is in this country. So what? This is democracy—not always comforting to those of us who search for faster and more progressive change, but still far better than any other system I have come across. *Henry Jaglom*

Los Angeles

It's always painful to disagree with a blood relative, even a distant one, and I don't intend to get into a discussion of much of Jeffrey Blankfort's letter. We may share some views on many of the actions of Menachem Begin's government while being far apart on others, but what saddens me is his charge that Jewish culture with its "humanity and a clear sense of social justice" has disappeared from Israel. Tragically, he thinks of Israel as a monolith and falls victim to his own political despair.

Jewish cultural values flourish in Israel's great universities, in the richness and diversity of its arts and in the broad freedom of expression of its newspapers and other media. I suspect there is greater concern in Israel for establishing ethical practice in its affairs than in any other nation on earth.

At its political worst, Israel is a genuinely open society. One has only to compare it with its neighbors and its enemies, i.e., Libya, Cuba, the Soviet Union, Saudi Arabia, to understand its devotion to democracy. Even when certain segments of its population and its democratically elected leadership fail in this regard, criticism is sharp within its own boundaries.

A passionate regard, as Jeffrey Blankfort demonstrates, for justice for all is no excuse for so undiscriminating an attack on any nation, no less Israel, struggling against extraordinary odds to survive.

Michael Blankfort

THE I.E.A. DISSENTS

New York City

Peter H. Stone's "*sic*-ness" in "The I.E.A.—Teaching the 'Right' Stuff" [*The Nation*, Sept. 19] contradicts the Institute for Educational Affairs's belief in prescriptive grammar. Someone else made the mistake of "culture . . . have [*sic*]"; we said "*has*."

The institute's substantive statements give the lie to the article's other willful mistakes, the culmination of which is the slander that I.E.A. wishes "cultural and intellectual critics [to] be silenced or re-educated." To set the record straight I repeat: It is our profound hatred of the party-line mentality that compels us to encourage the "unfashionable" thinkers to dissent even at the highest levels of intellectual debate from the growing contempt for the power of ideas.

Despite our other differences, can Stone condone our right to say "NO MORE GULAGS"? *Philip N. Marcus*

Executive Director, I.E.A.

A SEPARATE DISSENT

Ithaca, N.Y.

I was dismayed to find myself listed among those scholars whom Peter H. Stone has characterized as being in opposition to a critical spirit and in favor of rote learning, a conservative approach and the teaching of traditional morality. Although it is true that the Institute for Educational Affairs provided partial support for my book, *The Moral of the Story: Literature, Values and American Education* (to be published by Columbia University's Teachers College Press in 1982), to their credit they did so with the knowledge that my goals were to make students and teachers alike more reflective about the complexities of moral and value questions, to encourage them to make informed choices and—perhaps most important—to give them the critical tools with which they could better resist the appeal of proselytizers.

My own stance thus is unequivocally at odds with the back-to-basics movement and with the antihumanistic stance of the Moral Majority. Moreover, in my own classrooms, in my book and in my other writing about such matters, I have consistently and vehemently argued against teachers advocating a specific moral code or value system. In other words, like *The Nation*, I am appalled at the efforts to deny critical thought. For this reason, I would also urge *The Nation* to re-examine its own practices. Certainly it is not too much to ask that in the future you first read all the material you choose to criticize.

Susan Resneck Parr, Chair
Department of English
Ithaca College

STONE REPLIES

New York City

Philip N. Marcus's "profound hatred of the party-line mentality" is quite touching, if somewhat misplaced, given the Institute for Educational Affairs's connections with a handful of conservative thinkers who seem to have found homes for themselves in the very fashionable upper echelons of the Reagan Administration. I.E.A. may like to think of itself and promote its image as an independent voice crying in the wilderness, but its ties to America's largest corporations belie this edenic notion. William Simon's call for selective funding of pro-business scholarship suggests to my mind a campaign of re-educating American opinion, and I.E.A.'s agenda includes outspending its critics, which in contemporary America has the effect of silencing political opponents.

It was perhaps a mistake to include Susan Parr's name in the list of I.E.A.-sponsored projects without being more familiar with her work or institutional affiliations. The views of the other academics are well known and fit neatly into the broad conservative project that I.E.A. is trying to subsidize. But in any case, my point was not that each of these scholars is engaged in exactly the same effort to restore traditional morality to the American classroom but that through a variety of paths, some more overt than others, I.E.A. is financing a sizable body of conservative scholarship. In Parr's case, the I.E.A description of her project, albeit brief, seemed exemplary of the foundation's goals.

Peter H. Stone

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double-spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Longer letters may be edited for reasons of space.

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CONTENTS.

Volume 233, Number 18

LETTERS
562

EDITORIALS
561 The Wilson-Terpil Case: The C.I.A. and the "Rogue Agents"
561 Two Cheers for Lane
565 Stockman Fallout — *Christopher Hitchens*

ARTICLES
566 Appointment with Contreras: The Chilean Connection — *Saul Landau and John Dinges*
568 The Terpil Transcripts: Dinner with Idi, and Other Tales — *Murray Waas*
571 The Fourth World: Who's Minding the Refugees? — *William Shawcross*
573 Superpower Ping-Pong: How to Solve the "Menace Gap" — *Andrew Cockburn*
576 THE FEMINIST PAPERS II: Forming a Real Women's Bloc — *Bella Abzug*
578 The Politics of Puritanism — *Linda Gordon and Marla Erlien*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
580 Stars and Bit Players — *Kurt Vonnegut*
582 Dino Campana and the Bear (poem) — *Edward Hirsch*
583 Huntington: American Politics — *Alan Wolfe*
584 Where I Am Now (poem) — *Deborah Gimelson*
585 Theater — *Richard Gilman*
586 Films — *Robert Hatch*

Drawings by Lou Myers

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EDITORIALS.

'Rogue Agents'

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

conflicting jurisdictions. Maybe so, but then again, maybe not. The failure to act could as easily imply that Wilson and Terpil had friends in a high place—the C.I.A.—who protected them because they were doing the Company's work.

Some remarks made by Terpil and his partner, Gary Korkola, on *60 Minutes* tend to confirm what Landau, Dinges and Waas report: the C.I.A. did have knowledge of what they were up to and, presumably, approved of it. There was, for instance, this exchange between Terpil and Mike Wallace:

> Wallace: Did the C.I.A. know of your dealings with Muammar Qaddafi?
> Terpil: Did they know of my dealings?
> Wallace: Yeah.
> Terpil: I believe they've go[illegible]
> Wallace: Did they know?
> Terpil: I would say they knew.
> Wallace: They go into the arms business too?
> Terpil: In some cases.
> Wallace: Sell their knowledge to the highest bidder?
> Terpil: Not all knowledge is sold to the highest bidder. There are some lines that are drawn. For instance, I have never ever worked with any of the [Communist] Bloc countries.

Korkola also told Wallace that he had worked with U.S. Special Forces and the Navy on developing special weapons and that he had continued this work after his arrest in New York City on gunrunning charges. The day before the trial was to begin, Korkola's attorney told him that a Federal Bureau of Investigation agent had suggested that the pair leave the country. "They won't help you leave, but they won't stop it," Korkola recalled being told (his attorney has since denied the story). Terpil theorized that some people in the government feared that his testimony at the trial might

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reveal the extent to which he was able to obtain classified information from employees of the Defense and State Departments and the C.I.A. in return for bribes.

In a statement released November 9, the C.I.A. denied any official involvement in "illegal acts allegedly committed by former employees Edwin P. Wilson and Frank Terpil and their associates." The agency admitted, however, that "some employees were found to have provided support to Wilson and Terpil without official agency sanction and action was taken against them"—a reference to the dismissal of two employees and the transfer of several others in April 1977. But Wilson and Terpil "continued to have business relationships" with key C.I.A. employees for at least a year after that, according to *The New York Times*. And so we are left with the admission that a number of C.I.A. employees cooperated with Wilson and Terpil to make an illegal buck, in which case we may fairly ask how many more within the agency are involved in similar shady deals? The revelation that Wilson and Terpil suborned Pentagon and National Security Agency employees for classified information on defense purchasing plans and sold that information to a large corporation is also disturbing. If dubious business ethics are now infecting intelligence work, we have the worst of all worlds.

In the alternative, did the agency, while maintaining "deniability," use the two former agents as freelancers to accomplish its own secret ends? The evidence that Wilson and Terpil had illegally sold guns and surveillance equipment to Chile's DINA lends credence to this theory. Another piece of evidence was the report by ABC News that a potential American recruit for clandestine work in Libya had told a fellow soldier of fortune to send his résumé to a post office box in Washington, D.C. The box, ABC discovered, was rented by the C.I.A.

A hypothesis presents itself: Suppose Wilson and Terpil's Libyan dealings were actually part of a covert agency operation. Such an operation could have had two objectives. One might have been the penetration of Libyan intelligence. If Libya is supporting terrorist activities in other countries, it would be the ideal door through which the agency could infiltrate international terrorism. Providing Qaddafi with weapons, assassination devices and former Green Beret instructors may have been the price for obtaining access to information on his designs and worldwide activities. Those who penetrate terrorist networks can hardly avoid participating in the unpleasant business of destruction, murder and torture, and to maintain their cover they would have to act as if they were in sympathy with the terrorists. Thus, the report by Waas that Wilson and Terpil trained "Carlos," the notorious South American terrorist, is entirely plausible.

Suppose, however, that penetration had an aim besides gathering information. Suppose some policy makers in Washington had the idea of turning international terrorism to the advantage of U.S. foreign policy. Was there a deliberate attempt by the C.I.A. to manipulate and even engender terrorism? If God did not exist, Voltaire said, we would have had to invent him. The C.I.A.'s version of this aphorism might have run: If terrorism does not exist, we must invent it—and impress the American people with the necessity for stern action to meet the dangers that beset us from all sides.

There are analogues for such a policy in other countries. For years, the Italian right (that is to say, important elements in the intelligence services) used terror—a "strategy of tension," it was called—to create the preconditions for a military coup that would prevent the entry of Communists into the government. After all, Aldo Moro, the Christian Democrat leader, was abducted and assassinated after he had negotiated a compromise with the Communists that led to their inclusion in the government. Terrorism broke out in Turkey when the government showed signs of re-examining its commitment to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Basque violence has been used by the Spanish right to justify its coup attempts. The recent recrudescence of attacks on the American military in West Germany coincided with the rise of the peace movement there (and these attacks were promptly used by our friends in the Christian Democratic opposition to discredit that movement). This is not to say that all terrorism throughout the world is created by the intelligence services. But recent history gives us no ground for supposing that they have refrained from penetrating and manipulating terrorist networks for their own purposes.

One thing is clear: the story of Wilson and Terpil casts grave doubts on not only the efficiency but also the integrity of the C.I.A. and of our entire intelligence system. The Senate Intelligence Committee, chaired by Barry Goldwater, plans to focus its inquiry on the need for safeguards by the Justice Department and the C.I.A. to insure that illegal activities by former agents do not occur in the future. Asked by a reporter if he thought the C.I.A. had sanctioned the operations of Wilson and Terpil, Goldwater replied that he did not think the agency would do such a thing. The Senator is getting a bit too old to be so naïve. The House Select Committee on Intelligence promises that it will examine a "wide range of issues" in the scandal, but it has yet to schedule hearings. The press, rather than our elected representatives, has told us most of what we know about the troublesome implications of the C.I.A.'s conduct in the affair. This is unfortunate, for only government can authoritatively expose and control intelligence abuses.

The transcripts of conversations between Terpil and Korkola and New York City undercover detectives, from which Waas quotes in his article, tell us that some of our C.I.A. agents have the moral stature of very minor hoods. Unlike the raffish entrepreneurs we saw on *60 Minutes*, who were just doing what Du Pont or any government sell-

NEXT WEEK

Special Issue on the Middle East

Articles by Sadik Al-Azm, Boas Evron, Christopher Hitchens, Edward Mortimer, Edward Said and Michael Reisman.

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ing arms is doing, Terpil and Korkola unexpurgated emerge as considerably more sinister, indeed psychopathic, personalities. Their underworld argot contrasts markedly with the more familiar Calvinistic sanctimony of Allen Dulles, the strained smoothness of George Bush and the technocratic brusqueness of Admiral Turner, but Frank Terpil (and his absent partner, Edwin Wilson) exemplify a side of the C.I.A. that is just as real. With people like these on "our side," who needs enemies?

Stockman Fallout

Last Veterans Day, as if there were not enough past follies to ponder, the Madman Theory of Economics took a dive. Didn't it? It may be too early to say. With a character like David Stockman, you have to keep your foot right on the flush for a considerable time. He has that crucial buoyancy that columnists adore and, though he may have given everyone a free kick at the supply side, the long-term effect of his indiscretion will be to strengthen the right and to increase the tempo of heresy-hunting in the Republican camp.

Let me illustrate what I mean with a true story that I heard the other day from my old pal Philip Lucre. Everyone knows *Business Week*. With *Forbes* and *Fortune* it forms the triad (to borrow another pointless image from the government) of the upper crust's glossy intake. And yet, and yet. It isn't tough enough for some. It doesn't have the *Spike*-mania of *Forbes* (a curiosity I'll touch upon at another time). It doesn't have the fish-eyed character of *Fortune*. It wrote, once: "The cold political facts of the matter are that most right-wing free enterprising members of the Republican Party are high-income WASPs who see government as a threat to their ability to hang onto what they already have." That was a bit before the election; Caliban glimpsing himself in the mirror. *Business Week* also reviewed a silly volume called *The Present Danger* and found: "Bluntly, Podhoretz's book is mostly an inflated piece of 1950s style cold war hysteria."

Fair enough, you might think. After all, businessmen subscribe in order to get an accurate picture of the world. But for this, and for other indiscretions, *Business Week* was placed on the Administration's enemies list long before Stockman put the excrement in the air conditioning. Beryl Sprinkel, monetarist-in-waiting and undersecretary at the Treasury Department, turned up at the magazine's office and picked a fight with deputy editor William Wolman. Telephone calls came from other government officials, who hinted that the magazine could face real difficulty in its circulation war with *Forbes* and *Fortune*.

How did this episode of bullying and innuendo come about? It originated in the swampiest area of the far right. In *Policy Review* to be exact, house journal of the Heritage Foundation. *Policy Review*'s moose breath reaches gloomily into many a crevice these days; its slogan is "vigilance." A few weeks ago it ran a profile of *Business Week* entitled "An Anti-Business Business Magazine." The cumbersome title was matched by the hoarseness of the prose. It accused *Business Week* of every sin short of Keynesianism. Then came the high-level telephone calls, and the Sprinkel visit. (Sprinkel, incidentally, is a chap, not that that makes it any easier to bear, and was actually seen to wave the relevant *Policy Review* in poor Wolman's face.) Staffers present will swear they heard Lew Young, *Business Week*'s editor in chief, exclaim that it reminded him of "Nazi Germany." Tough stuff.

But did *Business Week* repudiate this muscular approach to debate and the free market in ideas? Did they tell their readers about it and announce that they would not be shoved around? They did not. The McGraw-Hill Company, which owns the magazine, was so terrified by the prospect of being called "antibusiness" by the Treasury Department that it sponsored a panic meeting under the aegis of old Harold McGraw himself. Following that meeting, an issue on the gold standard appeared that was as good an exercise in loon orthodoxy as could be wished.

So you see, the unraveling is taking place all right, but in the opposite direction. The Administration and its "thinkers" do not wish to be bothered with facts. They do not believe in Milton Friedman or even in George Gilder. They believe, if anything, in Ayn Rand. It's all a matter of moral character, of leadership, of loyalty, of the triumph of the will, and of hope over experience. "The whole thing," as Stockman told *The Atlantic*, "is premised on faith." Hence his abject press conference, like a rehearsal for a show trial, or like Galileo denying what he knew to be true. He even referred to his lunch with Reagan as going to the woodshed. Disgusting. And yet . . . it still moves.

Stockman's "credibility" may have been damaged or even abolished. But, to the nuts and dolts in the Treasury Department, all that means is that Donald Regan now has a clearer field of fire. He's already had his way (over Stockman's live body) on taxation, and as the man from Merrill Lynch, he can contemplate higher interest rates without undue pain.

So can the Federal Reserve, under the genial stewardship of Paul Volcker. Except that, once again, the extreme right hand doesn't know what the right hand is doing. Volcker's policy of tight money and high interest rates has made it certain that the grand new rearmament cannot take place without enormous deficits—larger even than the ones Stockman feared. Small businesses will be driven under whether they are "efficient" or not. Trade unions will be put on the defensive by unemployment. These are two intelligible mega-conservative goals. But as for the rest, including the crazy tax give-aways, Reaganomics is like the attempt of a serpent to devour its own tail. It is this knowledge of certain failure that makes the right wing so hysterical about criticism—they know Stockman was right, and that is why they hate him and his kind. Like peasants calling on the virgin in a drought, the worse the situation becomes, the more they multiply their incantations.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Christopher Hitchens is a contributing editor of The Nation.

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ARTICLES.

APPOINTMENT WITH CONTRERAS

The Chilean Connection

SAUL LANDAU AND JOHN DINGES

In the early summer of 1976, Col. Manuel Contreras, head of DINA, Chile's secret police, launched an operation to assassinate exiled Chilean leader Orlando Letelier. It has now been learned that within a few days of setting that plot in motion, Contreras made a secret visit to Washington, D.C., where he met with officials of the Central Intelligence Agency and also negotiated the purchase of illegal weapons and electronic spying equipment with a firm run by former C.I.A. officers Edwin Wilson and Frank Terpil.

Wilson and Terpil gained notoriety after a Federal grand jury accused them of exporting terrorist goods and services to Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi of Libya, whose regime is high on the Reagan Administration's enemies list [see Murray Waas's article on page 568] By 1978, the Federal Bureau of Investigation had established that DINA agents killed Letelier on U.S. territory. That evidence, combined with the newly revealed materials showing that former C.I.A. officials cooperated with other DINA covert operations in the United States, would seem to compromise the Administration's efforts to rehabilitate Chile's military dictatorship as an anti-Communist ally.

The information about DINA's dealings with the Wilson-Terpil firm is based on the accounts of one of those present at the meeting with Contreras in early July 1976, and on sales documents obtained by Federal investigators. This report will examine DINA's purchase of weapons and sophisticated electronic equipment at that meeting in violation of a Congressional ban on such sales to Chile.

The new information can be placed with startling results into the complex framework of evidence already compiled by the F.B.I. in the five-year-old Letelier case, and it helps explain many previously unresolved questions, especially those regarding the C.I.A.'s behavior. Earlier evidence of DINA's operations, supplemented by this new information about the three months preceding Letelier's murder on September 21, 1976, amounts to a compelling case that the C.I.A. was involved in arranging Wilson and Terpil's arms and equipment sales to DINA. Furthermore, involving the agency in the violation of U.S. laws may have made it possible for DINA to "graymail" the C.I.A. into withholding incriminating information that could have helped solve the crime. The evidence leading to a breakthrough in the Letelier case will be the subject of a future *Nation* article.

Colonel Contreras's meeting with Terpil was described to us by Kevin Mulcahy, a former C.I.A. employee who was working for Wilson and Terpil and who was in attendance. Mulcahy's account of the arms transactions was confirmed by documents drawn up for the sale and later obtained by the Treasury Department's Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. We were shown invoices and bills of sale drawn up by one of Wilson and Terpil's companies. The purchaser was identified as a DINA front organization based in Santiago, Chile.

At the time of the Contreras-Terpil meeting in Washington, Mulcahy was president of Inter-Technology Inc., an arms trading firm established by Wilson and Terpil. "It was Frank's meeting," Mulcahy recalled, and it took place on a rainy Friday afternoon in early July. Terpil directed Mulcahy and another American, a former Navy intelligence officer who was in charge of Latin American operations for Wilson, to a nondescript two-story residence on the 1700 block of R Street in northwest Washington. "It looked like a typical C.I.A. safe house," Mulcahy said.

There, in a second-floor office, Terpil introduced Mulcahy to two Chileans. One of them was a "heavy-set man in his mid-40s with drooping eyelids and a kind of benevolent look on his face" known as "Manny" Contreras, Mulcahy recalled. Although he was wearing civilian clothes, the DINA chief nevertheless exuded a "clearly military aura." The other Chilean, whose name Mulcahy has forgotten, served as an interpreter. Mulcahy said that Terpil was "deferential" toward Contreras: "I had seen Frank slap heads of state on the back, but with this guy he was downright respectful, and kept his voice down."

Contreras's reputation had obviously preceded him. To both his enemies and fellow intelligence officers Contreras was known as the most efficient and ruthless secret police chief in the Americas. He had, within the space of two years, virtually eliminated political opposition to Chile's military dictator, Gen. Augusto Pinochet.

Mulcahy recalled that after Terpil opened the meeting, "we talked with Contreras about the details of an integrated security system." (Mulcahy described this to us as a variety of devices that might be used to secure an embassy or a like facility.) The system included card readers, pinhole cameras, telephone tapping equipment, digital scanners to monitor telex traffic and other sophisticated electronic gear. Contreras purchased some of this equipment. The purchase orders shown to us by investigators list "transceivers," "wireless inductor earphones" and "micro-mini microphones."

The next item on the agenda was a large quantity of Colt Cobras, which Contreras had expressed interest in buying. The Cobra, a .38-caliber handgun, is used by many police agencies because it is a standardized weapon with interchangeable parts that has proven both durable and efficient.

Saul Landau, a Fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies, and John Dinges, a Washington, D.C., writer, conducted a lengthy investigation of the Letelier-Moffitt murders, the results of which appear in their book, Assassination on Embassy Row *(Pantheon).*

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A document dated July 8, 1976, names the parties to the sale as International Representatives Inc. and Renato Sepulveda R. of the Universal Export Company in Santiago. The document names Mulcahy as president of Inter-Technology, and it calls for the delivery of 1,059 Colt Cobras and 1 million rounds of ammunition within thirty to sixty days. The invoice also gives the terms of payment, specifying that the letters of credit should be issued to Inter-Technology by a Washington, D.C., bank. The price of the Colt revolvers was $366,646.50; the bill for the electronics equipment came to $66,089.

Justice Department officials have confirmed that the invoices are genuine and that a Chilean known as Renato Sepulveda R. told an American businessman acting as an intermediary between Terpil and the Chileans that he was with the Chilean National Police. The same officials told us that Sepulveda worked for DINA and that Universal Export is believed to be a front operation run by the Chilean intelligence agency.

Another topic at Contreras's meeting with Terpil was an item known in the clandestine arms trade as a "Parker." This is a device disguised as a ball-point pen that fires a single .22-caliber bullet. The projectile can be made more lethal by filling it with a cyanide compound or a material that explodes after piercing the skin. The Parker's innocuous appearance, of course, makes it an obvious assassination device.

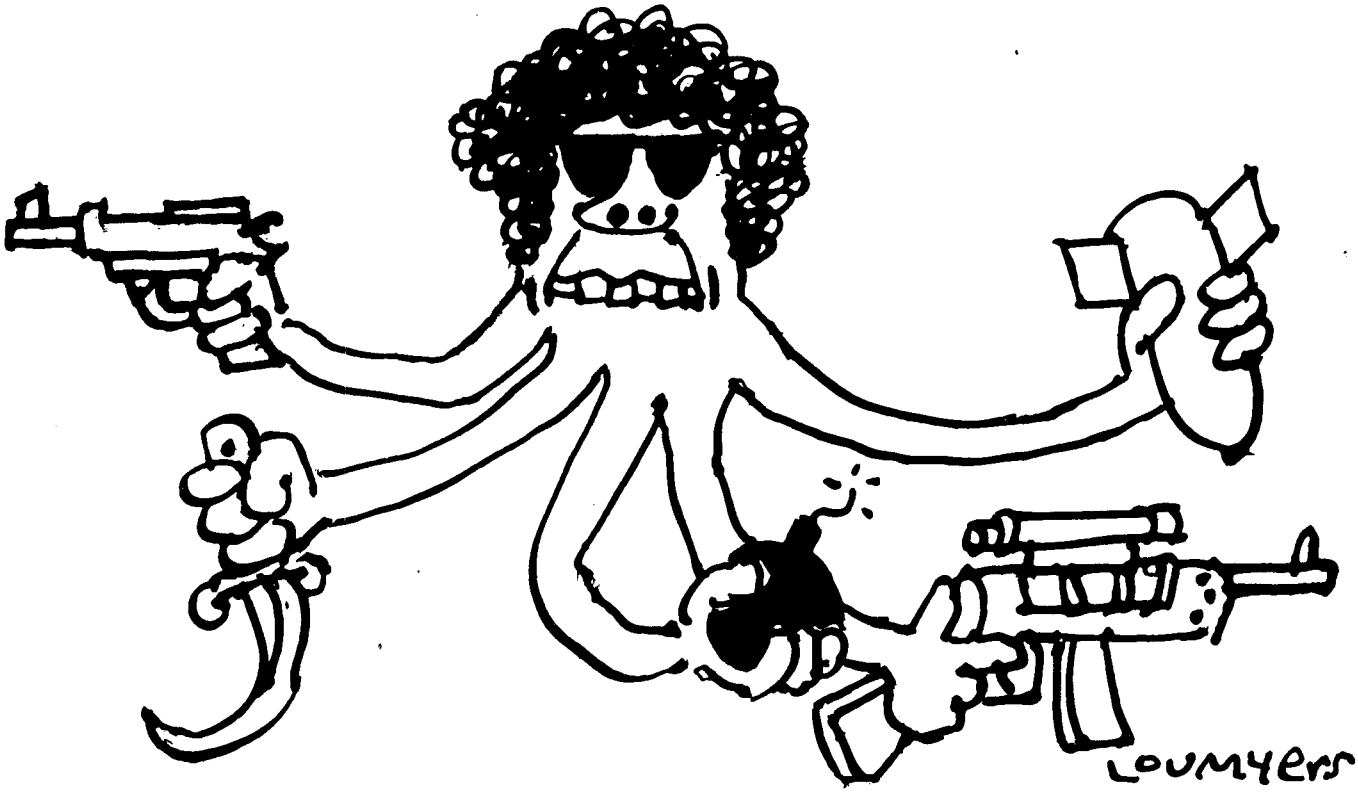
Mulcahy recalled that when the meeting ended, he shared a cab with Terpil and the former Navy intelligence officer to Wilson's K Street office. During the ride they commented on Contreras's having interrupted the discussion to ask questions in fluent English, even though he had relied on a translator much of the time.

After they arrived at Wilson's office, Mulcahy and Terpil were debriefed by Wilson, who mentioned that Contreras would also be attending a "casual social occasion" in honor of Gen. Vernon Walters, Deputy Director of Central Intelligence, who was retiring.

In September 1976, Mulcahy, who had developed pangs of conscience, informed a C.I.A. official of Wilson and Terpil's illicit activities. Mulcahy will be a principal government witness against the pair, who were indicted last year by a Federal grand jury for sales of arms and explosives to Libya, but he contends that in July 1976, when the meeting with Terpil and Contreras occurred, he believed that the C.I.A. was involved as a silent partner. Although he knew the arms transactions he was arranging for Wilson and Terpil were illegal, Mulcahy says he thought that the agency had approved them. If Mulcahy thought this, it seems likely that DINA's chief, Colonel Contreras, would have assumed the same thing.

Certainly an enterprise such as the one Wilson and Terpil were engaged in might have been useful to the C.I.A. Wilson and Terpil (and others like them) could supply goods and services that pariah countries could not legally acquire because of the ban on U.S. arms sales to nations with a record of serious human-rights violations.

That high-level C.I.A. officials were kept abreast of Wilson's transactions with Libya has been established in other published accounts of the Wilson-Terpil case, notably by Seymour Hersh in *The New York Times Magazine*. So it is a fair assumption that Wilson also informed the C.I.A. of his dealings with Chile's DINA. The case for direct C.I.A. complicity in this illegal transaction, however, emerges from F.B.I. evidence about events the same month leading up to



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Letelier's assassination. The new information about Contreras's visit to Washington puts that earlier, still unrevealed evidence in a new light. The earlier evidence indicates that a close working relationship existed between the C.I.A. and DINA during this period, and there are explicit references to the C.I.A. helping the Chilean intelligence agency arrange illegal arms sales—the details of which coincide remarkably with the transaction we have documented above.

Its primary significance, however, is in breaking new ground in the Letelier case, and it will be the subject of a subsequent article in *The Nation*.

The Wilson-Terpil affair is growing into a scandal that involves intelligence abuses of the same magnitude as those unearthed during the Senate hearings presided over by Frank Church in 1975. The House Intelligence Committee is looking into Wilson and Terpil's activities, although only as they pertain to their Libyan operations. Obviously, the investigation must broaden and probe Wilson and Terpil's connection to the United States' new "authoritarian" friends in Latin America. □

THE TERPIL TRANSCRIPTS

Dinner With Idi, And Other Tales

MURRAY WAAS

The close and profitable relationship that Edwin Wilson and Frank Terpil, two former employees of the Central Intelligence Agency, enjoyed with Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi of Libya is now well known. The pair was indicted last year by a Federal grand jury in Washington, D.C., for exporting arms and explosives to the Libyan government.

That grand jury uncovered evidence that Wilson and Terpil had recruited a dozen former Green Berets and U.S. intelligence agents to train Libyans in the techniques of terrorism and political assassination. According to the grand jury, Wilson and Terpil had also procured more than 20 tons of plastic explosives and 183 pounds of time-control devices for detonating bombs disguised as ashtrays, lamps, alarm clocks and vases. The bombs were to be used against exiled Libyan opponents of Qaddafi's regime.

In secret testimony, three Cuban former operatives of the C.I.A. told the grand jury that Wilson and Terpil had hired them to carry out an assassination for Qaddafi. The three were given $30,000 in expenses and instructed to fly to Geneva. They initially believed their assassination target was "Carlos" (Illyich Ramirez Sanches), the world's most wanted terrorist. But upon their arrival in Geneva, they were met by Wilson and told that their target was Umar Abdullah Muhayshi, a former member of the Libyan Revolutionary Council who had become a political opponent of Qaddafi's and was living in exile in Egypt. The three Cubans refused, returned to the United States and reported the plot to their C.I.A. case officers.

Federal investigators subsequently discovered that Qaddafi had agreed to pay Wilson and Terpil $1 million for the assassination of Muhayshi. As for wanting to kill Carlos, the two former C.I.A. officers were actually on good terms with him, the investigators discovered. According to one report: "By his own admission, Mr. Terpil trained Illyich Ramirez Sanches, who is known as 'Carlos,' an internationally wanted terrorist who is believed to have led a raid on the Israeli Olympic team in Munich in 1972."

The investigators also discovered that Libyan hit men, trained by Green Berets who had been recruited by Wilson and Terpil, had murdered and maimed a dozen exiled opponents of the Qaddafi regime in London, Rome, Bonn, Malta and even the United States. A former Green Beret, Eugene Tafoya, was charged with the attempted murder of Faisal Zagallai, a Libyan student at Colorado State University. Tafoya allegedly fired two shots at close range that struck the Libyan exile in the head. Federal authorities believe that Wilson hired Tafoya to kill the Libyan student on Qaddafi's orders. Tafoya had trained Libyan terrorists while he was employed by Wilson, and telephone records reveal that the two men talked shortly before the murder attempt. In addition, Terpil's travel records show that he was in Malta at roughly the same time a Libyan exile there was murdered.

Although *The Nation* reported details of Wilson and Terpil's indictment more than a year ago [see "Item. Item. Item.," September 20, 1980], the story received little attention until two lengthy articles by investigative reporter Seymour Hersh appeared in *The New York Times Magazine*. Hersh presented new and disturbing evidence that although several current and retired C.I.A. officials had known about Wilson and Terpil's business dealings with Qaddafi, they did nothing to stop them and indeed went out of their way to assist them. At one point, according to Hersh, two officials then on active duty with the C.I.A., Patry Loomis and William Weisenburger, helped Wilson and Terpil with their Libyan operations. More intriguing is the fact that Wilson, during his relationship with Qaddafi, met with Theodore Shackley, one of the most powerful men at the agency, who at the time was serving as assistant to the deputy director of clandestine operations.

Kevin Mulcahy, a former C.I.A. analyst who had gone to work for Wilson and Terpil, became disillusioned, called Shackley and told him about the two former agents' services to Qaddafi. Shackley, however, neglected to write a formal report on the conversation and later, after being ordered to do so, characterized Mulcahy as "irrational, paranoid, and alcoholic." The charges were untrue, but Shackley's credibility within the agency was such that he was able to delay a Federal investigation into the activities of Wilson and Terpil for several months. Perhaps Shackley's strange behavior can be attributed to the fact that after he left the agency, he went to work for A.P.I. Distributors Inc., a

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petroleum services corporation that was established by Wilson in 1978.

Despite the investigations of Hersh and other reporters into Wilson and Terpil's activities, the full story has yet to be told. Part of it, however, can be found in 1,000 pages of transcripts of conversations between Terpil and several of his associates and undercover New York City detectives in 1979, which I have obtained. The New York City investigations produced evidence that led the Manhattan District Attorney's office to charge Terpil and Gary Korkola, an arms dealer who operates a company called Amstech International, with conspiring to sell 10,000 submachine guns and more than 10 million rounds of ammunition to the undercover operatives, who posed as Latin American terrorists. In September 1980, the day before their trial was to begin, Terpil and Korkola fled the country. The two men were later convicted in absentia, and Terpil was given a prison sentence of seventeen to fifty years.

A vivid, often profane picture of the arms dealers' brutal world emerges in the transcripts. There is also new information on Terpil's dealings with Idi Amin before the Ugandan dictator's downfall. Terpil had a $3.2 million contract to supply weapons, explosives, communications equipment and torture devices to Uganda, and the transcripts show that he helped carry out a number of murders at Amin's behest, including, possibly, the assassination of Bruce McKenzie, a high-level official in the Kenyan government. In May 1978, an airplane carrying McKenzie exploded in mid-flight between Kampala, Uganda, and Nairobi, Kenya. The Kenyan government reportedly believed that a bomb was placed on the plane while it was at the airport in Kampala on Amin's orders and detonated by remote control when the plane was in the air.

Although Terpil does not mention the death of McKenzie in the transcripts, he does tell the undercover detectives that he supplied Amin with remote-control detonator devices, and that he was in Kampala at about the time the incident took place.

It is widely believed in the African diplomatic community that Amin marked McKenzie for death because the Kenyan official had ordered the arrest in early 1976 of three Palestine Liberation Organization terrorists who planned to shoot down an Israeli plane flying over Kenya with a Soviet-built SAM-7 missile obtained from Uganda. The three P.L.O. terrorists and two German nationals, who were also allegedly involved in the scheme, were extradited by the Kenyan government to Israel on February 3, 1976.

During a meeting with the undercover detectives on December 17, 1979, Korkola explained Terpil's fall from grace:

> He was thrown out of the company [the C.I.A.]. He was thrown out for counterfeiting money in Tibet.
>
> The story is that he, uh, he was unhappy that it happened. But he'd already. . . . You know these guys—some of them get out and do nothing with their lives. But Frank's a clever person, and he planned what he was gonna do and he used those connections that he had. Especially the Middle Eastern connection, the Libyan connection.

In a conversation with the detectives that took place on December 20, Terpil mentioned a recent visit with Amin in Libya. "You think you got it bad here," Terpil told one of the detectives, who had earlier complained about his hotel room. "Try staying with [Amin]. He's paranoid about bein' wacked off by stuff being added to the food. Naturally, because I used to supply him with that shit."

Terpil then spoke of procuring various poisons for Amin:

> Idi says, "I want the most powerful." I said, "I'll get you the most powerful."
>
> There was one that would look like a heart attack. To the day, to the day, we reckon twenty-four to forty-eight hours. Thirty-six hours later the guy had absolutely nothing wrong with him. Nothing—walked around, stuff like that. Felt the chest pains, twenty minutes later he was gone. I mean they did an autopsy on him and couldn't tell the difference.

Terpil provided Amin with poison to kill one of his Cabinet ministers at a state dinner:

> The minister got the spoon in his mouth and whop . . . [Amin] made a big political thing out of it. He says . . . God has punished the Minister of Finance because he was pulling a coup. Everybody drops their spoon . . . I wish I had a film of the God damn thing.

On another occasion, according to Terpil, Amin was attempting to extract a confession from another member of his Cabinet, whom he suspected of spying for the Kenyan government:

> So what he did to get this information, he has the Minister of Defense killed. What he does, he sends to the ministers down there for a big state . . . dinner.
>
> He said: "I know which one of you people are working for the Kenyans." He said the Minister of Defense told me. Now nobody knows the minister is gone. . . . He said, "One of you people is working for Kenya. If you tell me, we'll let bygones be bygones." . . .
>
> But nobody tells him, so they bring on the food . . . fried bananas, horrible stuff. And they bring on the meat. 'Cause

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the whole thing is, they bring these big trays out. They put this, bring this fucking tray in the middle of the table.

Then, according to Terpil, someone removed the lid from the tray "and there's the fucking head of the Minister of Defense."

When the official who was suspected of spying for the Kenyan government saw the head on the tray, Terpil related, "He cracked. He just went wop." Then Amin "shot him with a .357 magnum."

Terpil also said he supervised a mass execution of fifteen persons on Amin's orders:

> They line up these fifteen guys they're gonna shoot. . . . So then they decide, okay, we'll put them under the watch tower. This is a tower actually in the town square, which is only as wide as that wall. You couldn't get the fifteen people there—but, we did. We got them there anyway. And out of the fifteen people, they took twenty-one blasts to kill 'em off.

After the execution, Terpil continued, Amin ordered the bodies taken to Paradise Island, the home of Uganda's most notorious prison camp:

> Amin says, "I want all the bodies brought out." He didn't say bodies, though. He said, "I want all the people brought out." He lines them up along the beach and he goes and lectures them and he tells them what bad people they were, but they're dead.

After lecturing the row of corpses, Terpil said, Amin cut out a portion of each one's liver and ate it. "Just a part of it," Terpil explained, "because if you do that, the spirit cannot come back to get you."

During the same meeting, Terpil regaled them with stories of Amin's torture techniques. "The best one I saw, which you do, is, really, the rat one," he recalled. "You can use it very quickly. What they do is they take a rat, a real hungry rat." The rat is placed on the victim's stomach, under a copper pot that is strapped to his body. Then, Terpil continued:

> They start a little fire on top of the pot. . . . And the copper starts getting hot from the top down. The rat goes crazy. . . . There's only one way out. . . . He eats right through the stomach. I've seen that done about three times. Totally effective.

At a meeting with the detectives on November 16, 1979, Korkola displayed an array of poisons, which were for sale. Stephen Sacks, a government informant who had arranged the meeting, asked Korkola, "Gary, why, why the diversity in the amounts of poisons? Aren't some of them more or less ambiguous [*sic*]? . . . Aren't they more or less overkill? . . . Why the diversity? Why nine different types?"

"Maybe one guy wants a heart attack," Korkola explained, "and maybe another guy wants to see the guy scream and crawl all over the floor." At this point, according to the transcript, he began laughing.

Korkola then displayed his favorite poison:

> That stuff will work. What the stuff does, you get a very strong tingling sensation in your fingers and in your toes, the way it starts. Then your hair falls out, then you get uh. . . . You can't walk. . . . It's a metal base that's not reversible. There's nothing you can do. . . . If you really want to hurt a guy, give him this shit.

At the meeting on December 20, Terpil boasted about a plan to invade the tiny Caribbean island of Abaco, which is part of the Bahamas. Terpil claimed that Robert Vesco was covertly financing the operation and that a well-known mercenary, Mitch Wer Bell 3d, was also involved. Wer Bell, like Terpil, has had numerous run-ins with the law, and he has been indicted for gunrunning, marijuana smuggling and violating U.S. neutrality laws.

"You know where Abaco is?" Terpil asked an undercover detective. When the reply was negative, he continued:

> Abaco is in the Caribbean. It's a little island off Santo Domingo. We tried to take it over four years ago. Anyway, so what happens is we're gonna do it democratically. This was for Vesco. We had Vesco. . . . He was financing the operation. We were going to make this island a paradise for people who had bread. There would be no taxes, no taxes at all.

A State Department official confirmed that there was a group in Abaco called A.I.M. (Abaco Independence Movement), which advocated seceding from the Bahamas and which was financed by wealthy outsiders. But he said he had no knowledge of Vesco's involvement.

At another meeting with the detectives, Terpil mentioned an associate of his, John Dutcher, who was arrested as a material witness in the New York gunrunning case. It was revealed in testimony before the Federal grand jury that

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Wilson and Terpil hired Dutcher to train Libyans in the use of explosives. When he was interrogated by police after his arrest, Dutcher described himself as a mercenary who carried out assassinations overseas on behalf of foreign governments and corporations.

"He was quite open about it," said one law-enforcement official. "He said he engaged in these activities in the Middle East and Latin America, so therefore he wasn't violating any [U.S.] law." No charges were brought against Dutcher, and he was eventually released.

But Terpil and his associates weren't totally unscrupulous, as shown by this excerpt from a conversation on December 20, 1979:

"There's only one, there's only one thing, there's only one small question," Terpil said.

"Go ahead," replied the undercover detective.

"You guys aren't knocking off Americans by any chance, are you?"

"No, come on," the detective protested, "would I go around knocking off Americans? Ah, come on, no."

"Well," said Terpil, "we have in the past, but not for groups." □

THE FOURTH WORLD

Who's Minding The Refugees?

WILLIAM SHAWCROSS

There is a "fourth world"—the world of refugees. The United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (U.N.H.C.R.), which was recently awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, says that its programs affect about 10 million refugees. Other sources estimate that the total number of refugees in the world today is nearly 15 million. These numbers suggest the vast and intractable nature of the problem.

Whatever their numbers, the inhabitants of the fourth world have no political power; they exist on the sufferance of strangers or at the mercy of the elements. Their principal short-term needs are assistance and protection, which the U.N.H.C.R. is charged with providing. That task has expanded enormously in the past four years. In 1978, the organization's budget was $126 million; by 1981, it had grown to $460 million as a result of the exodus of between 3 million and 5 million people from Southeast Asia, Afghanistan and the Horn of Africa.

It seems to me laudable that organizations that dedicate themselves to relieving the suffering of the dispossessed should receive the Nobel Peace Prize. Far better that the prize go to them than to Henry Kissinger, Le Duc Tho, Anwar el-Sadat or Menachem Begin for political achievements that may blaze briefly like meteors but then vanish into the void of history.

Moreover, the U.N.H.C.R. certainly needs encouragement, for in some ways it is a troubled organization. This is partly because of the dramatic expansion of its "clientele" and partly because of political problems. Western governments, mainly the United States, supply 90 percent of the organization's funds, and it therefore risks being used as an arm of Western or American foreign policy. Many of its clients have fled Communist governments opposed by the West, and the U.N.H.C.R. is preoccupied with the problems of the countries that unwillingly serve as "first asylum" to those refugees.

The Nobel committee singled out for praise the U.N.H.C.R.'s work with the "boat people" from Vietnam, who, together with the "land people" from Laos and Cambodia, have been fleeing to other countries throughout Southeast Asia since 1975. It is worth looking at the organization's record in this part of the world in order to assess its strengths as well as its limitations.

The crisis of the boat people, which began in 1978, reached staggering proportions in 1979 when tens of thousands of Vietnamese were landing every month on Southeast Asian shores. The places of first asylum—Malaysia, Thailand, Hong Kong, Indonesia and the Philippines—could not handle the influx. Malaysia began to force the boat people back to sea; Singapore was, and still is, much harsher. The masters of ships flying its flag are reportedly under strict instructions not to aid refugee boats, even if they are obviously in distress, a violation of maritime law.

In July 1979, U.N. Secretary General Kurt Waldheim called a conference in Geneva to discuss possible solutions to the refugee problem in Southeast Asia. The nations present pledged a total of 260,000 "resettlement places" and instructed the U.N.H.C.R. to develop a program of "orderly departure" for Vietnamese who wanted to emigrate and who had relatives or friends abroad. The program struck several snags—mainly finding terms acceptable to both Vietnam and the United States, which took almost two years. Now about 1,000 people are emigrating each month.

To the U.N.H.C.R. staff, the most controversial part of the Geneva "solution" was the request that Vietnam restrict the flow of emigrants. Should an organization dedicated to helping refugees be party to such a request? they asked. At any rate, in 1979, Hanoi complied. The Vietnamese government ended the quasi-official mass shipments of refugees in rusty old freighters and made it more difficult for people to leave in small boats. Even so, in the first seven months of this year, another 76,000 boat people actually made it to other Southeast Asian shores. No one knows how many died en route. Ocean-going ships are picking up passengers from refugee boats far less often than in the past, and some U.N.H.C.R. officials have called for a vigorous campaign to remind captains of the laws of the sea regarding vessels in distress. Others have urged that the organization make stronger protests against acts of piracy against refugees. During the first six months of 1981, more than half of the 664 boats bound for Thailand and Malaysia from Vietnam

William Shawcross is the author of Sideshow *(Simon & Schuster) and other books.*

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were attacked at sea, mostly by Thai pirates; 433 people were killed, and 223, mostly young women, were abducted. There were 701 rapes.

International attitudes toward the boat people have changed dramatically since 1979. Then, U.S. and Western political interests coincided with humanitarianism: helping the boat people was a stick with which to beat the Vietnamese. Beating the Vietnamese—especially in punishment for their occupation of Cambodia—is still Western policy. But the boat people, somehow, seem less useful. And today, it is not Hanoi's emigration restrictions that are controversial but the resettlement programs in the United States. In fact, it has been suggested that higher American immigration quotas have become part of the problem. That is, the Vietnamese are not being *pushed* out by persecution but *pulled* out by the lure of California.

The "pull" theory is gaining ground. Now the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service accepts it. Last May, the I.N.S. said that many Indochinese refugees were merely "economic" migrants and therefore could not be allowed into the United States under the Refugee Act. Morton Abramowitz, former U.S. Ambassador to Thailand, flew to Washington specifically to press the State Department's case for continuation of the quotas agreed on in Geneva. Otherwise, he said, refugees would have to be driven back to their own countries en masse. Abramowitz won that battle, but the argument continues, and the I.N.S. view is gaining ground. U.S. Embassy officials in Bangkok now talk of using "humane deterrents"—i.e., long-term detention in Thai camps—to dissuade boat people from leaving Vietnam.

Curiously, there is considerable support for the pull theory within the U.N.H.C.R. itself. In a paper written earlier this year, Martin Barber, then the organization's deputy regional representative in Bangkok, asserted that the number of people in refugee camps in Southeast Asia was much lower than the 1981-82 resettlement quota—144,000—proposed by the United States. The unfilled places, he suggested, would attract people still living in their country of origin who would perhaps not otherwise think of leaving. Barber expressed his views strongly:

> There is a real danger that a State Department demand for an unrealistically high quota in 1981-2 may encounter a strong backlash within the United States which could effectively kill the program. More and more Americans seem to feel that State Department policy is being made by people who have a strong personal and emotional interest in maintaining high quotas. A high proportion of the officials working on the program both in Washington and the embassies of southeast Asia are "old Indochina hands," who have a kind of missionary zeal in their efforts to keep the resettlement door wide open. Indeed it can be argued that certain elements within the State Department quite seriously believe that a continuing exodus from the Indochinese countries is "a good thing" and should be discreetly encouraged. . . . It is seriously suggested in some quarters that the principal reason for the U.S. request for continuing high quotas is to delay stabilization of the Indochina countries under their Communist regimes.

The paper was leaked by U.N.H.C.R. officials in Asia,

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and an article about it appeared in *Le Monde*. The organization's headquarters in Geneva disavowed Barber's views, but they are shared by many middle-level officials who worry about being too closely tied to U.S. foreign policy. (The deputy high commissioner is always an American, usually a political appointee. The current deputy commissioner is Richard Smyser, who served in Vietnam under Henry Kissinger—hardly the ideal credentials for such a job.)

U.N.H.C.R. employees who have worked in Vietnam, however, point out that although many boat people may indeed be economic migrants, the existence of political persecution in that country is undeniable. At least 200,000 people have been detained in so-called "re-education" camps for indefinite periods without trial. Moreover, people who voluntarily returned to Vietnam after the 1975 exodus were often very harshly treated.

But Barber is correct in saying that as Vietnam gets poorer—in part because of the cutoff of all Western aid, including powdered milk for babies, since the invasion of Cambodia—the economic impulse to emigrate will grow stronger, especially while the door to California remains open. But his contention that it is U.S. policy to "delay stabilization" by encouraging emigration seems dubious. After all, until the 1979 Geneva conference, Vietnamese officials themselves were encouraging people to leave.

But, whatever the logic of Barber's argument, it seems a dangerous one for U.N.H.C.R. officials to espouse. Where, for example, does it leave Czechoslovaks and Poles who now consider seeking homes in the West? Should they be labeled "economic migrants"? And what of the Haitian boat people who flee political repression but are turned away by U.S. immigration authorities on the ground that they are merely seeking economic betterment?

The U.N.H.C.R. operates in a messy corner of a messy world. Balancing the demands of its major contributors, its Communist opponents and countries like Thailand that have not signed the U.N. Covenant on Refugees is rarely easy, and so it is not surprising that U.N.H.C.R. officials often take the path of least resistance. Thus in 1979, the organization failed to protect two groups of Cambodian refugees, one numbering 1,700 and the other 43,000, from forced repatriation by the Thai Army and did not even protest their treatment lest Thailand be offended.

I spoke to some middle-level U.N.H.C.R. officials after the Nobel Prize was announced. They were almost downcast. The award was undeserved, they said; it would encourage complacency; it would secure the present commissioner, Paul Hartling, another five-year term. Hartling is very much like Secretary General Waldheim. A decent man, he has not encouraged critical analysis, and both long-term and emergency planning have been neglected.

Nonetheless, the U.N.H.C.R. performs an essential role conscientiously and often honorably. That role will become more demanding still. If the Peace Prize can be translated into a greater determination to defend refugees against governments of all kinds, then the Nobel committee will have done its job.

SUPERPOWER PING-PONG

How to Solve the 'Menace Gap'

ANDREW COCKBURN

Recently, the Department of Defense published a glossy pamphlet entitled "Soviet Military Power." Its stated purpose is to alert the public in both America and Europe to the Soviet military threat. The pamphlet contains pictures of new Russian weapons that, its authors say, endanger the United States and its allies and urgently require a corresponding buildup in the West.

For example, the Pentagon's pamphlet displays photographs of T-64A and T-72 tanks, the most modern in the Soviet arsenal. Then, to emphasize the imminent peril, there is a picture of an even newer tank, the T-80, which, the Pentagon says, "is nearing production." What is interesting about this picture is that it is an "artist's impression," not a photograph, even though U.S. military intelligence has claimed to have photographs of the T-80. Even more interesting is the fact that the T-80 depicted in the report bears no discernible kinship to any existing Russian tank. It does, however, look very much like the newest American tank, the M-1.

Experienced observers of the arms race should not be surprised. The depiction of the T-80 as a sort of Soviet knockoff of the M-1 is an example of how the military establishment of one superpower tailors a "threat" of the other side to fit its own bureaucratic imperatives. In other words, Pentagon planners, and their Soviet counterparts, decide what weapons they want to build and then invent enemy threats that will justify building them. Thus we have the spectacle of gigantic weapons programs that have little relationship to any real military capability on the other side and that are so technologically complex that they don't perform well.

As just one example of this process of mutual reinforcement, consider the B-70 bomber, which the U.S. Air Force started to develop in the late 1950s. This enormous aircraft was designed to fly very high and very fast. By 1960, however, after four prototypes had been built, the Eisenhower Administration concluded that not only had the plane failed to perform to advance specifications but it was also vulnerable to Soviet air defenses. The project was canceled. But in the meantime, the high command of the Soviet air defense forces had read about the B-70 in American technical journals and decided that the bomber was a grave threat to the Soviet Union. They therefore commissioned the Mikoyan-Gurevich Design Bureau to draw up plans for an interceptor that could counter this threat.

Andrew Cockburn is a contributing editor of Defense Week *and the producer of the PBS documentary "The Red Army."*

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Despite the cancellation of the B-70, the Soviet program went ahead, even though there was no longer any reason for its existence.

Then drawings of the new Soviet interceptor, based on information provided by "intelligence sources," began appearing in American military journals. As it happened, both the Air Force and the Navy were eager to secure additional funds to build more F-4 Phantoms, their newest fighter, and so, not coincidentally, renderings of the new Soviet plane bore a striking resemblance to the Phantom.

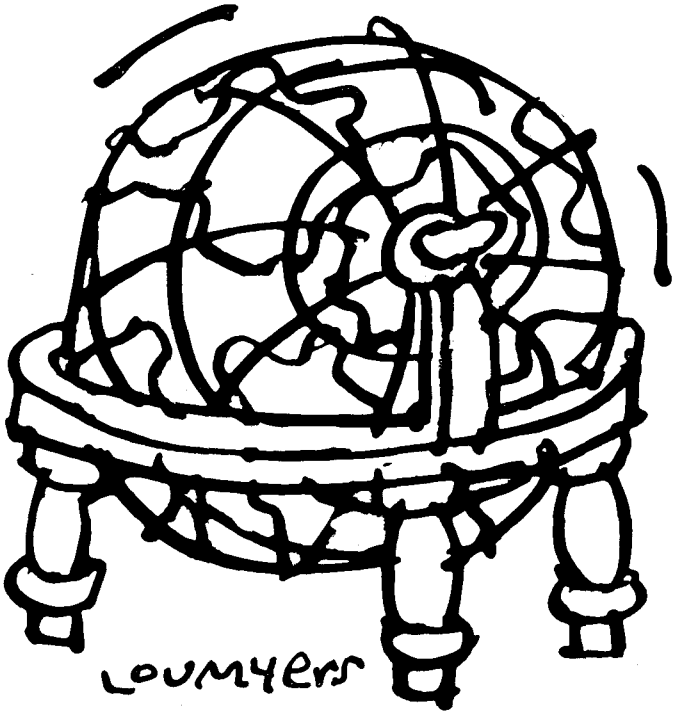
In 1967, the Russians finally unveiled their new interceptor, the MIG-25, which was given the code name Foxbat by the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Soviet military officials claimed that the MIG-25 could fly higher and faster than any other combat plane, a boast that U.S. Air Force planners saw no reason to dispute since by this time they coveted a completely new fighter. This plane, the F-15 Eagle, would undoubtedly be very expensive, because the Air Force generals wanted something of their own that could fly highest and fastest. The advent of the Foxbat was therefore a godsend. Only the F-15, the generals insisted, would be capable of defeating the mighty MIG-25. Legislators and other government officials were duly impressed, and the F-15 program rolled forward, spurred by solemn affirmations from authoritative figures that the MIG-25 was the "finest interceptor in the world today."

Then, in 1976, reality intruded. A Soviet Air Force lieutenant named Victor Belenko defected to Japan in a Foxbat. Upon dismantling the Soviet superplane, the U.S. Air Force learned that it was less impressive than had been advertised. Although it was supposed to have a top speed of Mach 3.3 (more than three times the speed of sound), Belenko revealed that pilots were under strict instructions never to fly at more than Mach 2.5, because at higher speeds the engine would melt. The plane also had a claimed combat radius of 1,000 kilometers, meaning that it could fly that distance, fight and return home without having to refuel. In fact, its combat radius was less than 300 kilometers. Nor did the MIG-25 have, as had been reported, "look down" radar, which detects aircraft flying at lower altitudes. In short, the Foxbat was, in the argot of the American weapons community, a turkey.

Luckily for the contractors building it, the F-15 was well into production by the time this unwelcome news about its Soviet adversary became public knowledge. And the fact that the Foxbat was far less fearsome than had been believed was unalloyedly good news for one group—the pilots who would fly the F-15. The latter's enhanced capabilities are based on an electronics system so complex that it often breaks down and a revolutionary new engine so delicate that it frequently stops or blows up in midair. The solution to the engine problem involves "de-tuning" it, that is, lowering its power to the point where it can perform safely. Unfortunately, this reduces the plane's performance to such an extent that it is inferior to the humble F-5.

The ability of the MIG-25 to generate defense appropriations in the United States has been surpassed by the phenomenal career of the Soviet TU-22M Backfire bomber, which is responsible for the rejuvenation of the U.S. air defense force and the creation of a new aircraft carrier force for the U.S. Navy. The story is instructive.

Because Soviet aircraft designers have been unable to develop an intercontinental jet bomber, they have concentrated on developing medium-range bombers. The mainstay of this force has long been the TU-22 Blinder, which, although hampered by a limited range and a low payload, was considered adequate for a European war. In the mid-1970s, the Russians produced what was essentially a variant of this plane, the TU-22M Backfire. Its main difference from the Blinder is that it has "swing wings," an



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American design concept which engineers here consider obsolete but to which Soviet engineers seem extremely attached.

The Backfire is unimpressive, but it serves the purposes of U.S. military planners quite nicely. The Backfire is not a strategic bomber at all. It does not carry sufficient fuel to fly from Russia to the United States and back. This did not faze the U.S. Air Force, however. Its experts argued that the plane might be sent on a one-way mission to the United States, or that it might stop over in Cuba for refueling. This dubious argument was advanced to such effect that the Backfire became a major issue in the SALT II negotiations, and the dispute was resolved by the Russians agreeing to produce only thirty Backfires a year, a promise they have kept. Nevertheless, the "Backfire threat" is now being used to resurrect the North American Air Defense Command, which was formed in the late 1940s to defend American skies against Russian strategic bombers but fell into desuetude because of the paucity of those bombers. The Reagan Administration, however, has recently announced plans to buy six Awacs to patrol U.S. skies and warn against approaching Backfires. In addition, the Air Defense Command will be furnished with approximately 100 F-15s to down the intruders.

As was the case with the MIG-25, the Awacs crews should be relieved that the Backfire will probably be unable to make the trip. Despite the furor in the United States over the threat that Awacs under Saudi control would pose to Israel, they are not very formidable planes. Their electronic systems are so complicated and so delicate that, according to U.S. Air Force figures, the planes are fully operational only 15 percent of the time. But even on a good day, the flying radar system's performance is questionable. In 1978, the U.S. Navy, which has no institutional stake in the Awacs, constructed a simple radar-jamming device based on a design that had appeared in a Soviet textbook. Although the Awacs's radar supposedly is able to detect an object in the sky within a radius of 350 miles, a Navy plane carrying the device successfully jammed it. Two fighter planes came as close as 150 feet from the Awacs without being detected.

The Navy also has a procurement role for the Backfire. Ever since the great Pacific battles of World War II, the Navy has retained a special fondness for aircraft carriers. These majestic symbols of power, of questionable value in a nuclear age, are of course quite expensive, as are the aircraft they are built to carry. The present pride of the Naval Air Force is the F-14 Tomcat fighter. At $23 million apiece, this is a very costly machine, but it does carry the Phoenix missile, which has a reported range of 100 miles. It so happens that the Backfire can carry an air-to-ship missile, the AS-4 Kitchen, which has about the same range. The F-14s with their Phoenixes, the Navy argues, can intercept the Backfires before they can get close enough to American carriers to launch their Kitchens. And just in case some of the Kitchens escape the F-14s, the Navy has embarked on a colossally expensive program to build a number of Aegis guided-missile cruisers. These $900 million ships are equipped with radar that is linked by computer to antimissile missiles, which would shoot down the Kitchens. In addition to these cruisers, each carrier is escorted by a phalanx of other ships, large and small, all devoted to the single function of protecting the carrier, which in turn exists to house the F-14s, which exist to protect the carrier. This ludicrous arrangement is justified as a necessary response to the "threat" posed by a force of only seventy-five Soviet Backfires.

This cycle of developing weapons that don't work to meet threats that don't exist might be merely risible to everyone but the Soviet and American taxpayers were it not for two important points. First, by identifying threats solely in terms of bureaucratic imperatives, real military threats get ignored. For example, the U.S. Navy regularly justifies appropriations for antisubmarine weapons by pointing to the growing Soviet submarine fleet. Now it is true that the Russians have a large submarine force, although their number is decreasing. But what the Navy neglects to say is that half of the Soviet submarines run on a combination of diesel and electric power, that is, they do not have nuclear engines. This fact goes unmentioned because the Navy wants an all-nuclear submarine fleet, rather than the old-fashioned diesel-electric variety, and therefore it is phasing out the last of its conventional boats. But a diesel-electric submarine has several advantages over a nuclear one. It is quieter, which makes it harder to detect, and it is considerably cheaper. The Navy does not bring any of this up, perhaps because it might then be asked why it insists on an all-nuclear fleet.

Second, America's allies have come to rely on U.S. assessments of Soviet military power. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the current imbroglio over the Russian SS-20 medium-range ballistic nuclear missile. A little history might help clear the air.

In the early 1960s, the United States began replacing its first-generation liquid-fuel intercontinental ballistic missiles with the more reliable solid-fuel Minuteman. The Soviet Union was eager to do the same thing, and the Nadiradze Design Bureau was charged with developing a solid-fuel missile. Despite the expenditure of billions of rubles, the Soviet effort was only partially successful. The Russians managed to put only one solid-fuel missile, the SS-13, into production, in very limited numbers. Their most recent effort in this area, the SS-16, was also a costly failure, but in order to keep the design bureau busy and recover some of the development costs, the Russians decided to build a scaled-down version of the SS-16 for use against Europe and China. The new model was known as the SS-20.

Meanwhile, back in the United States, the Martin Marietta Corporation's only large weapons-system contract—production of the Pershing-1A medium-range ballistic nuclear missile—was running out. At that time—the early 1970s—NATO had no plans to install a new generation of tactical missiles in Western Europe. The missiles on NATO submarines were deemed to be more than adequate to defend the Continent. Martin Marietta had obtained money from the U.S. Army to design the Pershing 2, a follow-up to

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the Pershing 1A, but the chances of the missile going into production seemed slim.

Then, in 1976, word of the Soviet Union's intention to deploy the SS-20 reached the West. The United States told the other NATO powers that the new Russian missile was mobile, highly accurate and capable of carrying up to three warheads. Suddenly, the need for a NATO response seemed urgent, and, coincidentally or not, the Pershing 2 and the cruise missile, another weapon that was languishing for lack of funding, were ready to go into production. And so we now have a grave political crisis in NATO created by the supposed need to counter the threat of the SS-20.

Not surprisingly, the SS-20 is not nearly as awesome as U.S. military planners alleged. Since it is considerably larger than the Pershing 2, it is unlikely that it is more mobile (it takes eleven hours to move the American missile 400 yards). Pentagon sources possessed of intelligence data on the SS-20 test program dispute the missile's reputation for remarkable accuracy. In short, it is not a significantly greater threat than the Soviet SS-4 and SS-5 missiles which it replaces and which have been aimed at Europe for a generation.

None of this readily obtainable information appears to have percolated through to any of the European governments apart from West Germany's, which conducted an intelligence survey of its own earlier this year. Certainly the new French government seems eager to parrot the inflated claims of the Pentagon and its clients in the defense industries about Soviet capabilities.

In his introduction to "Soviet Military Power," Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger proclaims: "The greatest defense forces in the world are those of free people in free nations *well informed as to the challenge they face . . .*" (emphasis added). The sooner that people—and governments—realize who is providing the information on the challenge and what their motives are, the easier it will be to analyze objectively the true military balance in the world today. □

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THE FEMINIST PAPERS II

Forming a Real Women's Bloc

BELLA ABZUG

Betty Friedan says that the strength of the American system, and the best hope of saving it, is that "women, once the least secure and most rigidly conservative, have moved from political passivity to active individual autonomy." She builds that hypothesis into her proposed foundation for the "human politics" of the 1980s—"a new passionate volunteerism: the mode of the second stage."

Although properly alarmed at the right-wing doctrines of the Reagan Administration, Friedan apparently accepts as a *fait accompli* the dismantling of Federal domestic programs. "In the second stage," she says, "the voluntary organizations will be the only way to provide the services essential to further social change, and the living of equality." Voluntarism at the grass roots will create "new guerrilla, resistance ways to protect our own rights and those of others," according to Friedan, and thus build a new political force. But what will this new political force do? How will it change national policies?

Despite Friedan's emphasis on the "individual autonomy" achieved by women, the most remarkable development of the 1970s was that women learned to use their newly found individuality to organize around their needs. They are not ready to give up the gains they have made or the expectations they have of government's role, and they must not give up their feminist organizations or activities, which Friedan now criticizes as "separatist."

There is a need, of course, for political organizing at the grass-roots level and for cooperation with male-female mass organizations. There is a need for political coalitions. But feminists will have no strength in a coalition unless they come to it with their own well-organized, visible forces. I also feel a sense of urgency: we have to organize politically

Bella Abzug, an attorney, was a three-term Democratic member of Congress from New York City, served as co-chair of President Jimmy Carter's National Commission on Women in 1977 and 1978 and is currently president of WOMEN USA, a national women's network.

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now to prevent a complete Reagan takeover of Congress in 1982 and a consolidation of right-wing power, with its scary implications for the welfare of our people, our economy and world peace.

What Friedan fails to recognize is that women are the key to the defeat of Reaganism. A major goal of the women's movement should be to organize its electoral power in a more focused way than ever. Women are emerging, together with blacks and other minorities, as the most progressive force in our nation.

Because of the constraints of our two-party system, women's progressivism—fueled by fear of Ronald Reagan's policies—expressed itself in support for the Democratic Party in the November 1980 elections. And in a New York Times/CBS News poll taken the week of September 22, 1981, men gave Reagan a 61 percent job-approval rating, compared with only 46 percent among women. A Lou Harris poll in August asked Americans how they would vote in the 1982 House elections. Women went Democratic by an eleven-point margin, whereas men gave a four-point edge to the Republicans.

"For the Democrats," Harris observed, "this means that . . . their entire margin today is dependent on the vote of women. . . . For President Reagan and the Republicans, the single and most formidable obstacle to their becoming a majority party in the 1980s is the vote of women."

The November 1980 election saw the biggest split beween men and women voters since pollsters began tracking elections. Reagan ran 8 percent more strongly with men than with women; 14 percent of the men who had voted for Jimmy Carter in 1976 shifted to Reagan, compared with a 7 percent shift among women.

Other analyses of the 1980 vote showed a sharp division between the sexes in almost every category. Although the press made much of Reagan's having won the blue-collar vote, 50 percent of female blue-collar workers voted for Carter, and only 43 percent for Reagan. Reagan won 47 percent of the votes of male union members, but only 39 percent of unionized women's votes. Carter won 45 percent of the unionized men's votes, and 53 percent of the unionized women's votes.

One of the biggest splits occurred among Catholics. Catholic women gave more votes to Carter than to Reagan—45 percent to 43 percent; Catholic men gave 56 percent of their votes to Reagan and only 35 percent to Carter. Of the Hispanic vote, which was skewed in Reagan's favor by male Cuban emigrés, 62 percent of the women and only 42 percent of the men voted for Carter. Among the overwhelmingly anti-Reagan black voters, women turned out in larger numbers than men.

Exit poll interviews showed the most compelling reason for the anti-Reagan vote among women was their fear that he would get this country into a war, an issue that remains central to women's continuing opposition to the President. Economic issues and support for the Equal Rights Amendment were also of great concern to women voters.

The response of the Democratic Party's national leadership to this potential bonanza of votes has reportedly been to seek out *conservative* women to run as candidates in 1982 and to hold hearings on changing the reforms under which women finally achieved equal delegate representation to the 1980 convention. Although they have conceded that equality of elected delegates will continue, they are considering creating an ex-officio class of delegates, which would consist of members of Congress and governors, most of whom are men. This could diminish the effectiveness of the reforms intended to achieve equal representation of the sexes.

The message to women is clear: while the Democratic Party will provide the most practical instrument for their electoral efforts, they must operate in the 1982 and 1984 elections as an identifiable, independent force, in the party and in campaigns, seeking to provide a measurable impact in primaries and general elections. They must prove that an organized women's bloc can deliver votes, whether for someone or against someone, and that its votes can make the difference between victory and defeat in targeted contests.

The key to forming a women's bloc is to organize at the precinct level and to remain organized, rather than emerging only at election time. Too often in the past, women have sent their troops *as individuals* into particular campaigns, and so their concerns and strengths have been diffused, weakened and given only token acknowledgement.

By building their strength into practical electoral organizations, women can have the greatest impact on national politics and coalitions: they can register strong opposition to Reagan, challenge the Democratic Party's drift

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to the right, raise important issues, elect more women to office and propose strong female and male candidates as alternatives to the mediocre selection usually offered. Where a local situation permits, women's organizations may also find it possible to run their own candidates or support others on independent lines.

In my travels around the country I have found that women at the grass-roots level are eager to defend the gains made in the 1970s against the Reagan-Moral Majority steamroller. In fact, Reagan is activating and radicalizing women. It is our responsibility to organize them, with as much outside support as we can get, but with the fervor that women will bring to the task. We may see only the first small harbingers of this potential in the 1982 elections, but women's political strength, linked with black and minority strength and that of steadfast progressives, can turn back reaction in the 1980s and stop the "limited nuclear war" loonies from killing us all. □

The Politics of Puritanism

LINDA GORDON AND MARLA ERLIEN

Betty Friedan, who symbolically opened the contemporary women's movement, or at least its middle-class wing, with *The Feminine Mystique* in 1963, now wants to close it down. Let middle class not be taken as a pejorative. *The Feminine Mystique* was a radical and profound book. It accorded political significance to frustrations that women had previously dismissed as personal, trivial and self-induced—their anger and anguish at being deprived of a chance to realize their dreams by a society in which they were theoretically equal to men.

Now Friedan urges that the women's movement suppress the same sources of political discontent she exposed so passionately eighteen years ago. According to *The Second Stage*, the "first stage" of the women's movement is on the verge of failure because of its overemphasis on sexual issues, conflicts between women and men, and criticism of the family. Friedan builds her argument on an assumption she would once have rejected: that laws—in this case, the Equal Rights Amendment—provide the measure of the achievements of the women's movement. She displays the anger that was evident in her earlier work, but now she directs it primarily against women, especially feminists who disagree with her.

Our assessment of the record of the women's movement is more positive than Friedan's. Like the wave of feminism in the nineteenth century, the movement has transformed the lives and aspirations of the majority of women in ways unmeasurable by statistics and in areas unreachable by the law. These achievements include the raising of women's intellectual, economic and political expectations, an increased intolerance of wife beating, rape and other violence against women, and a redefinition of women's sexuality, not only in making lesbianism an option but in discovering women's own forms of heterosexual activity. These gains were not matched by any significant increase in economic power. The movement's inability to effect needed improvements disappointed and embittered many women, but this disappointment should not obscure the progress that has been made. Transformations in women's consciousness, aspirations and behavior in the nineteenth century proved resistant to the strong backlash that developed; many of them survived despite the failure to win the vote or economic equality. We expect that the gains made in the 1970s will prove equally tenacious.

We are, of course, facing a threatening political situation today. In the context of worldwide capitalist crisis, the defenders of the very traditions that the feminist movement and other New Left movements sought to uproot have returned to the attack, coalescing into a New Right. There is need for debate about how to respond. Unfortunately, Friedan would close the discussion before it gets serious. Her book denies recognition not only to socialists and other radical elements in the women's movement but also to the most influential aspects of its activity as a social movement living in thousands of consciousness-raising groups, friendships, love affairs and marriages, work communities and neighborhoods.

Friedan's earlier evocation of the plight of the suburban housewife in the 1950s, confined to the home, her intelligence and education untapped, caused many women to feel keenly injustices that until then had gone unrecognized. Today, however, "women's lib" has spread beyond the bounds of that limited class experience. Friedan devotes much attention in her new book to the "superwoman" dilemma, which requires many married women to work at both a full-time paid job and in the home. Friedan does not suggest that women should give up their paychecks, and she knows that the cause of so many housewives and mothers entering the labor force is not only the rebellion against domesticity but the decline in their husbands' real wages. Full-time jobs for two adults with children is too much work no matter how it is distributed; one full-time job for one adult with children is far too much. But the flexible work schedule that Friedan calls for is neither likely to come about nor would it be any real help to the working class. For those who cannot afford to hire domestic help or live on one salary, the solutions would require radical changes not only in the economy but also in the family.

Friedan claims that she supports all kinds of "families," but it is clear from her book that the kind of family she is really interested in is nuclear, heterosexual and always includes children. In addition, this family maintains the traditional division of labor that makes women bear most of the

Linda Gordon is a women's historian and the author of several books, including a history of the birth-control movement. Marla Erlien is a socialist feminist activist and an editor of Radical America.

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responsibility for nurturing and for emotional relationships.

The leading demand of Friedan's profamily "feminism" is the suppression of sexual issues, particularly abortion and gay rights. These issues arouse deep emotions, she says, and it is best not to raise them: "The emotions and repressions linked to sexuality are so powerful that it is also relatively easy to divert people's attention from their own basic economic interests and even from asking the tough political questions simply by manipulating sexual hysteria." She attributes monstrous powers—diverting at best, destructive at worst, but never constructive—to sexuality. Her position is contradictory: she appears to think that repression produces sexual hysteria, yet she calls for more repression, politically, of sexual issues. She assumes that sexual needs are somehow in opposition to "basic economic interests" or "tough political questions." By banning the political expression of these incendiary (her word) impulses, she hopes that the resultant explosions can remain private. Then, completing the victim-blaming, guilt-inducing circle, she denies the seriousness of the damage caused by these explosions (rape or wife beating, for example). One of the most insulting moments of Friedan's book is her dismissal of the campaign against violence against women as an "obsession with rape . . . a kind of wallowing in that victim-state . . ."

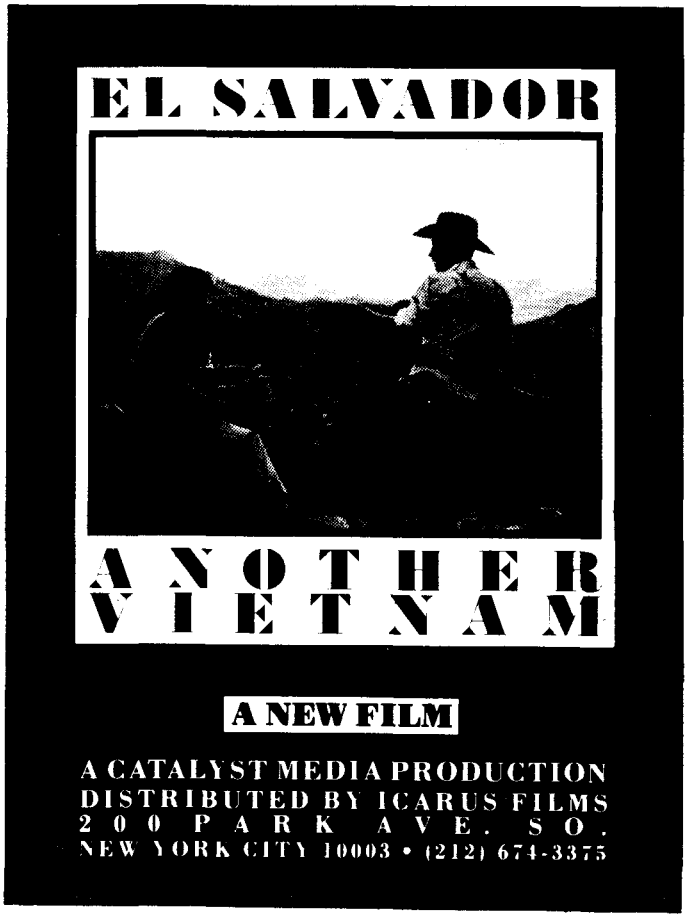
Friedan presents herself as a political feminist asking women to leave behind childish concerns about sexuality, intimacy, dress, self-image and self-love and concentrate on lobbying and getting out the vote. We have here not only a negation of a primary tenet of feminism—that personal concerns are conditioned by society—but also a simple lack of political sense. Among the most powerful social movements of the past few decades are those that had their origins in personal desires and discontents. The discovery that "personal-life" issues are a source of political activism was a major feminist contribution to social analysis.

Fleeing now from this earlier recognition of the complexity of domination, its location in intimate areas of life, Friedan would strip the cultural, racial and sexual layers from the understanding of issues she defines as exclusively economic. For example, in the current frenzy of hostility to welfare, welfare has become a code word not only for blacks but also for single mothers, and the budget cuts represent an attack on the demands of these women for sexual and personal freedom. To defend a program like Aid to Families with Dependent Children without addressing the fears of women's sexuality will not reach the source of the hostility. Simply to demand higher wages for women or a redistribution of funds from the defense budget to social programs is to ignore reality: international capital is in trouble, and the Administration has reasons other than meanness for choosing defense over welfare. Nor is the popular sentiment against welfare and high taxes only stinginess—it also reflects a deep-seated revulsion against bureaucratized systems over which taxpayers have no control.

The retreat from complexity is often justified in pragmatic terms: to win reforms and defend what we have, we need a mass base, we need coalitions. But the base, as defined by such proposals as Friedan's, would exclude those who are now the most active—the groups opposing violence against women and the lesbian and male gay-rights movements. If the new constituency must include those who remain committed to the patriarchal order, Friedan argues, then feminist politics must not offend them. Certainly people care about economic issues, but Friedan's approach would abandon many issues that are the most vivid—and not only to feminists. The coalitions she calls for are coalitions of politicians, lacking energy, unable to mobilize action.

Take, for example, the abortion-rights controversy. The 1973 Supreme Court decision legalizing abortion caught feminists unprepared. If there is criticism to be made of the feminist abortion-rights campaign, it is that we were timid about raising the implications of legal abortion. Indeed, in the early 1970s, many women's groups decided not to emphasize the sex-and-family implications of this reform. The terrains of sexual activity and desire, of what the family might be like without coercive maternity to enforce it, were not explored in a thoughtful radical politics; rather, people encountered these new options through the mass culture and the marketplace.

It is useful now to re-examine the first decade of women's liberation. But agreeing to use the terms of debate set by the right, as Friedan does, is to ask the feminist movement to commit suicide. Our practical strategies need to remain constantly informed by our most "utopian" dreams.



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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Stars and Bit Players

KURT VONNEGUT

I studied public speaking at Shortridge High School in Indianapolis. That was a long time ago. It was well before the founding of the John Birch Society in Indianapolis. It was about the time of William Dudley Pelley and his Silver Shirts.

A lot of people don't take my home town as seriously as they should. But then I tell them it is the world's largest city not on a navigable waterway, and the first place in America where a white man was hanged for the murder of an Indian. It is probably also the last place where a white man was hanged for the murder of an Indian. Indianapolis is more than just a speedway with the Eli Lilly Company in the infield. It takes one heck of a lot more than a speedway and the Eli Lilly Company to produce a James Whitcomb Riley or the Rev. Jim Jones.

At Shortridge I learned the first two rules for public speakers. Jim Jones probably knew them, too. First rule: "Never read a speech." Second rule: "Never apologize."

Ever since then, I have read all my speeches and I have apologized as much as possible. I calculated that no other trained public speakers would be doing these things, and that audiences would find them refreshing novelties. In America, if you want to become famous, you must do something that everybody else has been told not to do.

In fact, we are in the home now of a man who was told along with everybody else, "Whatever you do, don't gum up the railroads. They are the lifelines of our mighty nation." So he became famous by gumming up the lifelines of our mighty nation.

After that, he tried to gum up the First World War. If he were alive today, he would probably try to gum up the Third World War. Anything for fame.

Now it is time for an apology—two apologies, actually.

My first apology is for accepting an award named after a labor hero. I am no labor hero. The Eugene V. Debs Award should always go to a working stiff, but it's too late now. One thing I can give you my word of honor about, anyway: I have never crossed a picket line and I will never cross a picket line. I would rather be dead.

Am I from a liberal family? Not strikingly so. As I reported in the introduction to my novel *Jailbird*, my father, an Indianapolis architect, was startled to learn in 1945 that there had been some doubt about the guilt of Sacco and Vanzetti.

My first ancestor in this country, my great-great-grandfather Jacob Schramm, who cleared a farm in Sugar Creek Township, Hancock County, wrote to a friend in Bavaria in 1842: "It appears that human weakness makes it impossible to sustain a republic on this earth for any length of time, and the majority of people need, necessarily, a driving leader without whom they will inevitably wind up in chaos. Nevertheless, the Americans are still very proud of their freedom, even though they are the worst slaves, and there is sure to be a bloody revolution before a monarchic government can gain a foothold here."

What radicalized me? What made me think that the Bill of Rights was more than a scrap of paper? A splendid education in the Indianapolis public schools, plus the Great Depression, plus three years as a private in the Army.

What radicalizes Americans? America.

Apology number two: I am sorry for the damage that storytellers have done to the minds of the young. This is not my surrender to the Moral Majority, which burns my books. I will continue in my writing to hint where babies really come from, and that God shouldn't be put in charge of everything until we get to know Him a little better, and that our exalted leaders are just like a lot of nitwits I went to high school with, and that American soldiers have been known to curse when wounded, and so on. I don't apologize for any of that.

I apologize for all the stories and plays that have taught young people that there are stars and bit-part players, and that the stars are all that matter. Look! There is the Emperor Napoleon crossing a battlefield after a victory—astride his dapple-gray. What are all those heaps of rags on the ground? Those are bit-part players, dying or dead. And who is this being borne toward the Emperor in a sedan chair, covering her ears so that she can't hear the groans of the bit-part players? It is the Empress Josephine! What lips! What eyes!

While I am at it, let me apologize for chess sets, too, with all those pawns so obviously born to be sacrificed. It is nothing to lose a pawn. It can even be fun—in a gambit. But losing a king: that's something else again.

But writers can't be held responsible for the seeming moral lessons inherent in chess sets. So I withdraw my apology for chess.

I confess, however, to having written plenty of stories in which some characters are made to seem a lot more vital to civilization than others—stories with kings and pawns, so to speak. Almost all writers tell stories like that. But we don't tell such stories because we think life is like that or should be like that. We do it in order to hold the attention of our audience. It is a purely technical matter. An audience cannot care equally about dozens of characters all at once. It gets confused and then bored, having lost track of who is who. So we give all the important actions and speeches to just a few characters. We create stars. We say in effect to our audiences, "Just keep your eyes on the stars, and get to know a little something about them, and you won't miss anything."

One of the few writers who got away from this pernicious scheme just a little bit was that great socialist George Bernard Shaw. Another was that great humanitarian, the physician Anton Chekhov. But neither one of them got all that far away from it.

And I call it a pernicious scheme because it is shockingly clear to me now that people have so mingled stories and real life in their minds that they imagine that in real life there are stars on the one hand and, on the other hand, people who do not matter. This will not do anywhere on earth, but it particularly will not do in America, which is struggling toward democracy. How tragic it is in our would-be democracy for it to be widely believed that most of us can be as casually sacrificed as pawns.

Send the pawns to fight in Vietnam. Send them here, send them there—send

Kurt Vonnegut's most recent book is Palm Sunday *(Delacorte), a collection of short pieces. The above speech was delivered on November 7.*

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them anywhere. Or forget they exist. That's O.K., too.

We are not supporting characters in the cast of *Hamlet*, ready for any sort of humiliation or death, if only the Prince of Denmark can learn a thing or two.

I first thought of making this apology ten years ago, at the time of the riots and then the massacre of convicts and hostages alike at the Attica Correctional Facility in upstate New York. What happened at Attica was at least a statistical curiosity. It was the largest massacre of Americans by Americans since the Civil War. Forty-three Americans were killed by Americans.

What caught my eye, though, was the behavior of Nelson Rockefeller, then Governor of New York. The situation was this: He was in Albany, while at Attica, convicts had taken over much of the prison, including one of four courtyards. They had also captured fifty prison employees, whom they were holding as hostages. This was an extremely dangerous situation. Dangerous to whom? To the convicts and their hostages. The convicts and their hostages and their terrified families and friends all begged Rockefeller to come to Attica—to exert the magic and grace inherent in his office as governor so as to make it possible, somehow, for no one to die. He was asked to risk his dignity, and perhaps even his body, in order that some lives be saved. This is a familiar enough sort of summons to other sorts of public servants—to policemen and firemen and soldiers.

But Nelson Rockefeller proudly declined to come. Instead, he sent state troopers in with their weapons blazing, firing at anything that looked like a human being. Ten of the forty-five killed were hostages. Some rescue!

Ten years ago.

Why didn't Nelson Rockefeller go to Attica? Because he believed himself to be a leading character in a story, I think—the only leading character in this case. Nobody else famous was involved. Nobody else had a name that was familiar from coast to coast.

Nelson Rockefeller honestly believed that if anything demeaning happened to him, the star of the Attica story, the story would become confusing and boring to the audience. It would stop being a wonderful story. So he refused to go to Attica, and he ordered the state troopers to open fire indiscriminately on all the bit-part players instead.

Did it bother him much that so many of the nobodies who were killed and wounded were virtuous hostages rather than wicked convicts? There is little evidence to that effect. A dead bit-part player is a dead bit-part player, no matter what side he may have been on. Ask the Emperor Napoleon after a great victory. Ask the Empress Josephine.

Ten years ago.

Have we learned anything since then? Well, I am telling you here in Terre Haute, which means "high ground," what we should have learned, and what we had better teach our children: the star system in real life is making us as sick as dogs in spirit, and it will kill us all, if we don't watch out.

Consider the attitudes of the virtuous United States of America and the wicked Union of Soviet Socialist Republics as they deploy their rockets and warheads for World War III. The angels on our side and the devils on theirs are saying to one another, as though they were discussing some cheap and earthy resource like bauxite or coal or iron: "If we get mad enough or scared enough, we will blow all your bit-part players away."

And what is it we are hearing more and more about this seemingly inevitable and perhaps even desirable Third World War? "Don't worry. Some stars will survive. All we need is a few stars for the story to go on and on and on."

Speaking for our side, I want to say that, at a minimum, in my opinion, Bob Hope will survive. Palm Springs will survive.

So why wouldn't I apologize for literature's having been taken so seriously? I won't even get into the damage we writers have done with the endings of our tales. Events in life don't end. Only stories end. But now we storytellers have people expecting not only that events will end ever so neatly but that we will understand all sorts of things we couldn't understand before—at the end. So by all means, let us hasten to the end.

Bon voyage!

But let's forget endings tonight—for want of time. Let's stick to the star syndrome, which I consider the moral herpes of our era.

My Lord—we now have this young monster named David Stockman, who has been so impressed by fiction as to believe that bit-part players in real life needn't even have food or shelter or clothing—outside of prison or the armed forces, of course. He can't see that

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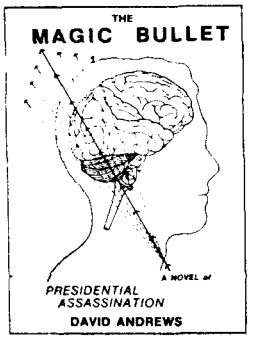

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they even deserve work or hope.

And what can be the meaning of the lunatic displays of deluxe clothes and food and crockery in Washington, D.C., these days, but that our officials imagine themselves to be leading characters in our story? They are reassuring us that America is O.K., no matter how gruesome life is in High Ground, Indiana, since our stars are becoming happier all the time.

No end of good news from Washington, D.C.

Let Terre Haute send these ringing words to the District of Columbia: "We are not simpering, gaga fans!"

How deeply infected are we all by what I have called the moral herpes of our era? Consider how inappropriate to this era, how exotic, how almost incomprehensible these words are, the most famous words ever spoken by Eugene V. Debs (Has any speaker in this house ever failed to quote them?):

"While there is a lower class, I am in it; while there is a criminal element, I am of it; while there is a soul in prison, I am not free."

How many of us can echo those words and mean them? If this were a decent nation, we would all find those sentiments as natural and easy to say as "Good morning. It looks like another nice day."

But the star system has made us all ravenous for the slightest proof that we matter to the American story, somehow, at least a little bit more than someone else.

I will now parody the words of Eugene V. Debs, not to make fun of them but to bring them up to date:

"While there is a lower class, I can scorn it; while there is a criminal element, I can make war on it; while there is a soul in prison, I can imagine that I am free."

What should we do about this? We should teach our young that life is nothing like a movie or a play or a book or a television show—or a picture in a frame. Children at an early age have no trouble telling salt from pepper or apples from oranges. Let us teach them to make equally quick and sharp distinctions between life and art.

Let us tell them why some characters are more important than others in art, and that this has nothing to do with life itself. Life has no unimportant characters.

Let our children be quick to spot people who imagine that they are characters in a story, and quick to understand that not only are such people a little batty but they have often appeared in history as very bad news.

Hitler.

Caligula.

Is nobody ever to be sacrificed, pawn-like, for somebody else? Of course, sacrifices will continue to be made. I only want Americans to decide for themselves to what extent, if any, they were born to be sacrificed. Many Americans, facing real dangers, will surely find themselves saying what Nelson Rockefeller should have said when he was asked by nobodies to come to Attica: "Very well—the time has come to put my life on the line. It is my duty."

I thank you for the Eugene V. Debs Award.

Tonight you have made me a star. □

DINO CAMPANA AND THE BEAR

Here, in the night, I'm staring
At the photograph of a stranger faking
A brave heel and toe, a lyrical
Dance with the gypsy's favorite bear
Stumbling in front of the dying
Campfire light
In a small clearing of birches
On the outskirts of Odessa. Tambourines
Flash like swords in the spoked
Shadows, and you can almost
Feel the drunken bear stagger
And weave with exhaustion
From too many cities, too many
Ringing triangles and suspicious eyes,
Too many bored adults, pawing children.
All the bear wants is to
Collapse in his own poor cage
Under stars scattered
Like red kerchiefs through the trees;
All he wants is to sleep. But
The stranger whispers something
Indecipherable, something convincing
In a strange tongue, and so
The four thick arms continue to
Grip and lock and hug,
The four heavy legs stagger on.
Fur and skin. Dino Campana
And the bear. 1911. Russia.
In three long years the bear
Will have left his body forever
To travel easily, in another forest,
While the stranger will still
Be selling flowers and stoking
Furnaces, peddling songs in cafes
Out of hard need. But tonight
All he knows is that wherever
He is going is going
To be better than wherever
He is, wherever he was.
And so he tilts the bear's grim
Forehead to the sky
And keeps on dancing and dancing.
He wants to feel the moon's
Wild eye staring
Into their dark faces. He wants
To vanish into its hard, cold light.

Edward Hirsch

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Liberty, Equality, Distrust

ALAN WOLFE

AMERICAN POLITICS: The Promise of Disharmony. *By Samuel P. Huntington. The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press. 303 pp. $17.50.*

Until a few years ago, Samuel P. Huntington was a political scientist well known within his profession but hardly a public figure on the order of Daniel Patrick Moynihan or even Nathan Glazer. Then came his infamous report on *The Governability of Democracies* commissioned by the Trilateral Commission, followed by the rise to power of his former colleague and co-author Zbigniew Brzezinski, and finally Huntington's own stint on Jimmy Carter's National Security Council. Now back at Harvard as Clarence Dillon Professor of International Affairs, Huntington has written a major work on the peculiarities of democracy as practiced in America.

In the ongoing competition to define the nature of America's exceptionalism, Huntington has offered a new entry. "The gap between political ideal and political reality," he writes, "is a continuing central phenomenon of American politics in a way that is not true of any other major state." On one hand, Americans possess a specific creed, which emphasizes liberty, equality and, most important for Huntington, a distrust of government. On the other, states demand the exercise of power, and the American state is no exception. The tension in American public life—Huntington calls it "the central agony of American politics"—is the large gap that exists between the antipower ideals of the American people and the institutional power of the American state.

In his schematic stinginess, Huntington allows for exactly four possible responses to this gap: to ignore it (complacency), to deny it (hypocrisy), to tolerate it (cynicism) or to eliminate it (moralism). All four have been tried in American history, but, in general, our public life can be understood as a series of swings between periods of extraordinary passivity and equally remarkable periods of what Huntington calls "credal passion." When Americans start taking their ideals seriously, Huntington begins to worry.

Huntington argues that the American people have exhibited a moralistic response to their central agony on only four occasions: the Revolution, the Jacksonian period, the Progressive era and the New Left agitation of the 1960s and early 1970s. In each case there is "a certain inevitability and universality to the process." An atmosphere of discontent is created, usually by the media. Idealistic passion is unleashed. Reforms are demanded as power and hierarchy are denounced. Exposure, talk of conspiracy and religious imagery dominate public life. Government responds by passing major reforms. Slowly, passion subsides and cynicism emerges. The discredited elite makes a comeback. Reforms are watered down, then repealed. Complacency reigns. The preconditions for the next round in the cycle are established.

To Huntington, the entire cycle is at best wasteful, at worst dangerous. Wasteful because so little is accomplished. After 200 years of reform agitation,

Alan Wolfe, a member of The Nation's *Editorial Board, recently published* America's Impasse *(Pantheon).*

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The Right has gained much of its popular credibility by portraying itself as the champion of Family life. 1982 will see further gains by the Right unless this mass imagery is challenged. Yet real support for American families comes not from a competitive ethics of the marketplace, but from programs for child care, health care, employment, adequate housing, reproductive rights, a less stressful work environment, and the building of community networks for family support. The Right can be stopped in 1982, but only if liberals and progressives, the unions and the women's movement and civil rights groups and the religious community are understood to be the real Pro-Family force.

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Huntington sees very few results: "the realization of the democratic ideal [is] only marginally closer in 1976 than it was in 1776." The cycle is dangerous, he continues, because the instability it generates makes governance more difficult and, in this world, to govern is to survive. What we need, he concludes, is that old chestnut of American political thought: balance. A little more passion when we are passive, a little less idealism when we are active, and things may correct themselves—though Huntington is by no means optimistic that they will.

There is much that is compelling in Huntington's analysis. Well read in American political thought, generally innocent of professional jargon (his decision to call the space between institutions and ideals the IvI gap is an unfortunate exception) and always direct and provocative in his views, Huntington challenges accepted notions at every turn. As a survivor of the New Left, I would love to accept his analysis, for it assigns a central role to both my rage and my actions. Indeed, one could easily turn Huntington on his head, and argue that his IvI gap explains dissent as much as it does the problem of rule. In this respect, I found myself in strong agreement with his analysis in *The Governability of Democracies*, even though I emphatically disagreed with his conclusions [see "Capitalism Shows Its Face," *The Nation*, November 29, 1975].

But little of the logical rigor and conceptual clarity of Huntington's earlier work is present in this new book. His categories are too arbitrary to withstand scrutiny. Why, for example, has the New Deal been exempted from his four periods of credal passion? One would have thought that the Depression was a major crisis for the system. Anticipating his critics, Huntington argues that the New Deal does not apply because its goal was the restoration of prosperity, not political reform. Its pragmatic, nonideological character, combined with its emphasis on the use, rather than the destruction, of public power, is said to distinguish the New Deal from Huntington's periods of credal passion. The argument is self-serving and unconvincing. Most historians agree that there were two New Deals. One was hostile to power and called for the breakup of concentrated activity. It was also passionate, idealistic and intimately involved with issues of political reform. Since the New Deal was both pragmatic and visionary (as, indeed, were all the other periods Huntington selects), one must dig further to discover why he excluded it.

Huntington's difficulty with the New Deal comes from its having raised the issue that private, not public, power is the enemy of American ideals. He is correct to point out an antigovernment strand in the American creed, but his persistent mistake is to describe this attitude as antipower. Americans do not dislike power; they dislike it in the public realm. Private power, corporate power, is something Americans have usually ignored—except during the New Deal. The credal passion customarily directed against the state in American political life was then directed against business, and Huntington, who has ignored the role of business throughout his book, cannot therefore deal with it.

More troublesome still, the New Deal was also a success, and Huntington is unwilling to acknowledge that reforms can work. Like many a New Leftist, he feels that the system remains untouched by all the agitation that surrounds it. To claim, as Huntington does, that American democracy in 1976 has advanced very little over what it was in 1776 is to forget that in the 200 intervening years slavery was abolished and more than half the population enfranchised, and that these victories for democracy were won by idealists who challenged the Samuel P. Huntingtons of their day.

After defining away the examples that mar the superficial similarities in his analysis, Huntington goes on to explain why Americans act the way they do in their moments of credal passion, but his explanation is as flawed as his categorization. One might argue that Americans get angry at the abuse of power because power is abusive. Not Huntington, who speaks for power. And one might then conclude that the role of business in a capitalist society has something to do with political passion, but Huntington does not concern himself with business. Who or what, then, is at fault? The English Revolution. In Huntington's view, all of us—Catholic and Jew, immigrant and native, secular and fundamentalist—repeatedly act out the drama of the Great Awakening. We are caught up in a cycle of sin and redemption, constantly discovering our guilt and our innocence. To Huntington, "the similarities between Billy Graham and Ralph Nader are clear"; both are expressing the moral Protestantism characteristic of English dissent.

Huntington is the skeptic lingering outside Elmer Gantry's tent. He is the character Gene Kelly plays in *Inherit the Wind*, the man who lays open the moral pretensions of William Jennings Bryan

WHERE I AM NOW

Outside Kiev, the snow lasts until May.
My grandmother says I've been lucky
not to live in mud up to the knees.
Yet she tells me often of cousins I never knew,
dancing in the empty fields past dawn
after a long, hard harvest; touches me
with hands that are dust-colored,
like wheat broken from the stalk.
When I am in farm country, I take the earth
and squeeze it through my fingers,
let it settle in the lines. This is how
I send myself back to the place
which brought me here; to my grandmother
holding out seeds for her garden,
both of us anxious for planting.
She admits the feeling is natural,
that I have the face of a crazy relative
who once stayed out all night with her husband
and sons, dredging the land until
it was fit for plowing.

Deborah Gimelson

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at the Scopes trial. Since visions of morality dance in the heads of ordinary folks, amoral skepticism must be the particular burden or mission of the elite. One of the consequences of moral passion that Huntington does not discuss is the need it generates for professional debunkers like himself, writers who come at the end of every cycle to remind us that our illusions were silly to begin with.

Benjamin Franklin was the first to set out the course that Huntington so ably treads. Writing to Charles Carroll in 1789, Franklin opined: "We have been guarding against what old States are most liable to: excess of power in the rulers. But our present danger seems to be defect of obedience in the subjects." Like Fisher Ames after the Revolutionary period, Orestes Bronson disgusted with the Jacksonians, Henry Adams soured on the Progressives, or Jim Farley turned against the New Deal, Huntington belongs to the disgruntled school of political thought, which is as much a part of the cycles he describes as are angry protesters and a recalcitrant elite.

Huntington, like his neoconservative colleagues, is a perfect example of the people Peter Steinfels calls counter-intellectuals, thinkers who exult in pointing out to other thinkers the realities of an amoral world. Not for Huntington the use of intelligence to improve the lot of mankind. He casts his authority with authority. Alexander Bickel, asked about the state of morality, allegedly replied, "It threatens to engulf us." Huntington is there to make sure it does not.

Counterintellectuals are much given to peculiar twists on familiar words. The word *helplessness*, for example, appears once in this book; it is used to characterize the situation of our recent Presidents; what word, we might ask, would he use to describe the poor? Another example: *openness* in government, according to Huntington, is the commanding problem in American politics, not the illegal acts of government that bring forth such openness. Finally, Huntington suggests that since America stands for liberty, any show of strength abroad, which for others might be called repression, for him can only be called an instance of liberty.

On one point I am in complete agreement with Huntington. There is—no question about it—a virulent hypocrisy in American public life. Huntington tells a story worth repeating. A panel discussion is going on in the early 1950s, sponsored by the New England Political Science Association. The subject is the McCarthyite attack on fundamental American liberties. When his turn comes to speak, Willmore Kendall, a teacher of William F. Buckley Jr. and Garry Wills, denounces the gap between ideals such as free speech and the conduct of Senator McCarthy, concluding, to the shock of his audience, that we close it by abandoning our commitment to the Bill of Rights. The Willmore Kendall award for creative public policy must surely go to Samuel P. Huntington, for teaching us that if, at some point in the future, our ideals come into conflict with our might, then surely we will do best to sacrifice our ideals. □

THEATER.

RICHARD GILMAN

Crossing Niagara
Misalliance

The set for the first act of *Crossing Niagara*, at the Manhattan Theatre Club, is a detailed—overstuffed, one could say—reproduction of a one-room apartment in the town of Niagara Falls, New York, circa 1859. The lighting is full and thoroughly realistic. The set for the second act is a bare, abstract space framed part of the time by two triangular flats; the lighting is quiet and oblique. This visual discordance between the two *mises en scènes* reflects the internal division of Alonso Alegria's text, which is literate enough and possesses a strong enough central idea, in embryo at any rate, to warrant consideration of what went wrong.

Alegria, a Peruvian who has studied and lived in the United States for many years, has built his play around a spectacular episode in the life of the great French acrobat and daredevil Jean François Gravelet, who performed under the name Blondin. After coming to the United States in 1855 at the age of 31 and working for P. T. Barnum, Blondin visited Niagara Falls and began to perform his increasingly dangerous and flamboyant tightrope walks over the falls, which culminated in his making the crossing with a man on his shoulders. It is this event that Alegria takes as his starting point.

Reading the program, where the above information is printed, one thinks there might be something for a drama here. The play begins with a visit to Blondin's room by an 18-year-old boy, a self-proclaimed "scientist" who passionately esteems the daredevil but scorns his tricks (on one walk Blondin had cooked an omelet). The boy tells Blondin that he can be a "bird" or a "god" and that he can walk without the rope, and offers him a thick manual of gymnastic exercises to help him accomplish this. After having been told that he's crazy, the boy agrees to be the fellow Blondin will carry across the falls.

The first act is much too full of exposition. But something is being prepared, and one waits for it despite the lack of substance in the second act things do pick up somewhat. Blondin tells the boy how he loves being "out there where everything is so simple," how he carries "his life across," and the boy tells Blondin that he wants to make the crossing to atone for a previous episode of cowardice. In the final scene, which is long and expertly staged, they make the "walk." A crisis occurs in Blondin's will; a moment of terror ensues; the boy pleads, cajoles and threatens; a reciprocity is achieved; Blondin recovers, and they reach the other side.

There are some affecting moments in this scene; there is lyricism and philosophy. But the poetry is spotty and the philosophy is not very profound. One feels that an opportunity has been muffed, that something more ought to have been made of the promising situation. But by the time the play gets back on the right course, it's too late for anything but surfaces. Alvin Epstein as Blondin and Paul McCrane as the boy do well enough with what they're given (although Epstein's French accent keeps slipping), and Andre Ernotte's direction is sound, but the evening is a disappointment.

Misalliance has never been one of my favorite Shaw plays. Even though it was written in 1909, long before Shaw's fecundity began to give out, it feels like a much later work and gives off a sense of having been composed of scraps and fragments and unfinished notions from his earlier dramas; Hypatia, for example, the rich man's daughter who wants to be independent, to be an "active verb," is Vivie Warren's pale descendant.

Misalliance is overwritten and over-

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plotted, even for Shaw. More than any of his other major plays before the late 1920s, when we can begin to see his hand tremble, this comedy about the "rights" of children in relation to those of their parents relies on coincidence, arbitrary events and a network of personal connections that seem to have been worked out with a slide rule. Since Shaw's wit never completely deserts him, there is pleasure to be gained, but the tenuous balance between epigrammatic sprightliness and true feeling, such as is achieved in his best work, is never established here.

Since I hold this opinion, I wasn't in a hurry to see the current revival at the Roundabout Theater. But then I began to hear some favorable reports about the production. The adjective I kept hearing was "stylish," a word most often used to describe a positive quality with no specificity to it. Stylish: having a style. But what kind? In fact there is a positive quality to this *Misalliance*: the performers seem to be enjoying themselves and nobody does anything flagrantly bad. But I didn't see any stylishness, or rather style, in the evening, principally because the performances were on so many different levels and failed to cohere. There is a steep upward line from the shallow work of Nigel Reed and Jeanne Ruskin as the young lovers to the splendid acting of Philip Bosco as the underwear king with literary aspirations. Bosco, a solid Off Broadway veteran, is large, bearlike, supple and vigorous. I kept my eye on him most of the time. □

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FILMS.

ROBERT HATCH

Quartet
Jane Austen in Manhattan

The opening in New York City of *Quartet*, produced by Ismail Merchant and directed by James Ivory, has been made the occasion for a retrospective of their joint career over the past twenty years, during which they worked for the most part from scripts by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. *Quartet* is playing at the Beekman in midtown Manhattan. The repertory, which is at the Art in Greenwich Village, began with a two-week run of *The Wild Party* (Raquel Welch and James Coco) and will end on December 1 after a fortnight of *Jane Austen in Manhattan* (Anne Baxter and Robert Powell). Neither of these pictures has been seen here previously. The other dozen or so films are being shown at two- and three-day intervals.

The Wild Party and *Quartet* are poles apart, both in their settings and in the texture of their characters, but, like so many of Ivory's movies, both are saturated with the melancholy of vividly depicted societies in their final, burnt-out states. The flavor of this sadness differs markedly from film to film. *The Wild Party*, which chronicles the self-destruction of a Hollywood star at the end of the silent era, is raucous, physically violent and painfully sentimental. In *Hullabaloo over Georgie and Bonnie's Pictures*, the Anglicized sophisticates of India's aristocracy find themselves stripped of context by the departure of the British raj; the tone is one of stoic, perhaps antic, good humor. In *Quartet*, which deals with expatriate, bohemian Paris in the years between the two world wars, the cloying perfume of decadence is almost palpable.

Jhabvala derived the script for *Quartet* from a novel by Jean Rhys. The book, which I know only by reputation, is said to parallel its author's experiences at a time when, destitute in Paris, she was given shelter in the home of Ford Madox Ford, the British novelist whose private life has long been the subject of literary gossip. The foursome of the title consists, on one side, of Marya Zeilli, a Creole from Martinique, and her Polish husband, Stephen, and, on the other side, of H.J. Heidler, a wealthy British patron of the arts, and his wife, Lois, who paints portraits. The Zeillis are played by Isabelle Adjani and Anthony Higgins; the Heidlers, by Alan Bates and Maggie Smith. Ivory struggles throughout the picture to keep Bates and Smith from knocking the other two out of the action.

The main burden of that exercise falls on Adjani, since Higgins—an art dealer who is undone by French laws barring the export of national treasures—spends almost the entire movie in prison. It is his sudden removal by the police from their room in a seedy Left Bank hotel that makes Marya an obvious object for the ambiguous benevolence of the Heidlers. A young woman in similar straits had recently lived for a time in the Heidlers' spare room and then killed herself; H.J. now proposes that Madame Zeilli fill that vacancy, answering his wife's soft objections with the observation that they should not straiten their lives because of the earlier "unpleasantness." The fact is that H.J. lives to indulge his appetites, the most pressing of which is a taste for pretty waifs with the air of "crushed petals," while Lois lives to indulge H.J. and thus to keep him, however faithless, by her side.

You can perhaps foresee how this will work out, and in fact it works out only too predictably. Adjani works strenuously to make a contest of the tale, but given the premise that H.J.'s predatory instincts are roused only by women who have neither the means nor the will to resist him, her performance is pretty well limited to tears and the feeble beating of wings. She is the little wren whom the Heidlers toss back and forth; more precisely, she is the wren whom Lois keeps grabbing and tossing to her husband. Thus Adjani becomes incidental to the feints and volleys whereby Bates and Smith control each other, and their characterizations, for all the excitement of the surface style, are based on mutual emptiness. It is

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disheartening to contemplate the Heidlers; they reek of decay.

However, if one draws back from the immediate story, it becomes evident that the Heidlers are the leaders and abettors of a whole society of the walking dead. They head a bejeweled rabble that seeks to buy pleasure as though it were a commodity, that combats boredom with malice and impotence with cocaine, that countenances any folly as long as appearances are saved. The bloodlessness of these expatriates is brought brilliantly into focus when Armella McQueen appears as Nell—an earthy, witty nightclub entertainer who tries, with her warm voice and ample, rolling body, to stir her mannequin audience into a semblance of animation. This, one feels, is very much what it must have been like in those last years of bohemian Paris, notwithstanding Picasso, Stein, Hemingway—and Ford Madox Ford.

One of Ivory's strengths is his instinct for ambiance. Whenever your interest in his story flags—and from time to time that happens—you can always lean back, like a lounger in a hotel lobby, and watch the human stream flow by.

Jane Austen in Manhattan (screenplay again by Jhabvala) is a witty film, and a reasonably complex one; it helps to have some knowledge of a distinctly minor Austen work that came to public notice only in 1977.

From time to time during the years 1790 to 1800, Austen toyed with a play titled *Sir Charles Grandison*. It is a lighthearted spoof of Samuel Richardson's novel of that name, a work she both admired and found hilariously absurd. The play is styled as a comedy in five acts, but none of them runs to more than four or five rather short pages, and the whole could be performed in perhaps thirty minutes. Austen's parody skips across Richardson's novel—one of the longest and most ponderous in the English language—like a stone across water. It was not meant for public viewing but was rather one of the many dramatic japes that members of the Austen family invented for their own entertainment. Accordingly, it is laced not only with digs at Richardson but also with private allusions that are now for the most part lost on us.

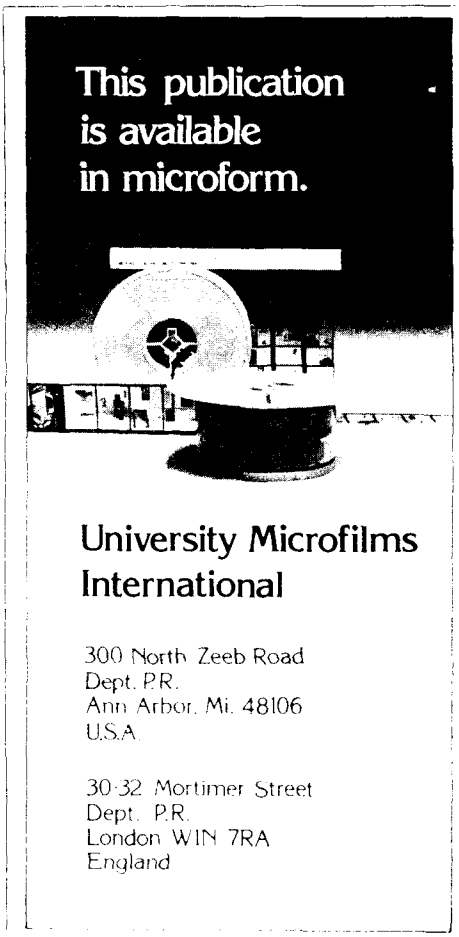
I have derived this information, and a great deal more, from an edition of the play (Oxford University Press, 1980) transcribed from the manuscript and edited by Brian Southam, with a foreword by Lord David Cecil. It is a work of such ingenious and exhaustive scholarship that I'm half persuaded the elegant little volume is itself a joke directed at relentless literary exegesis. If so, it is one that Austen would have enjoyed.

As the film opens, the manuscript of Austen's five-act prank is being bought at auction by a wealthy dilettante (Michael Wager), a dainty sort of man still tied to his deceased mother's apron strings; he is such a one as you might well expect to encounter in some country house of eighteenth-century fiction. He hands over the packet, along with a supporting grant, to Pierre (Robert Powell), who is very much a twentieth-century man. Pierre is a practitioner of avant-garde dramaturgy, to give a racket a fancy name. In fact, he lords it over a commune of besotted young worshipers who live and work in a Soho loft building, swaying and mewing under the dispassionate gaze of their raven-haired, ashen-faced guru, and turning over to him such odd-job wages as they can earn in the cafes and boutiques of Greenwich Village—this latter exercise being part of their instruction in the art of "giving." Pierre sets his family of believers to work on a bare-stage, Punch-and-Judy version of *Grandison*, and a parallel is established between his mode of entrapment and the abduction of the play's innocent heroine by the odious Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

The correspondence is extended when Lilianna, a celebrated actress and dramatic coach (Anne Baxter), undertakes to wrest the manuscript from Pierre and release the bemused acolytes from his thrall. He had once been her student, perhaps her lover. She recognizes his magnetism, detests his methods, mistrusts his motives—and wants the play and his players for a full-dress, comic-opera version of *Grandison*. She is joined in her siege of the commune by Victor (Kurt Johnson), a rising star of the Broadway musical stage whose girl (Sean Young) has fallen for Pierre's brand of spiritual malarkey.

As the story advances, rehearsal scenes from the two versions of *Grandison* are interpolated out of context, and it becomes evident who will win the duel when one realizes that Pierre is singing the Pollexfen lead in Lilianna's production. Hers is a handsome period piece (as always with Ivory, characters of alleged theatrical talent are shown to be indeed talented; see *Shakespeare Wallah*, or Armella McQueen in *Quartet*), but I suspect most viewers will be more excited by Pierre's workshop production (contributed to the film by Andrei Serban), a strident, acrobatic, madly antic treatment that recalls Peter Brook's rough carpentry on classic texts. Thus Ivory, having warned us against Pierre's consciousness-raising chicanery, somewhat turns the tables by pointing out that, though he is a scoundrel (one not above pocketing small objects when the chance offers), he is a gifted scoundrel. It is yet another trick in this mirrored fun house.

Jane Austen in Manhattan is as bright a plaything as the *Grandison* from which it springs. It manages not only to suggest two utterly different ways whereby the playlet might be staged today but also to contrast these somewhat earnest Off Off Broadway experiments with the kind of pleasure that can be provided, but too often is not, by the opulent entertainments staged uptown. I'm not much given to calling movies delicious, but it seems the unavoidable adjective for this sophisticated confection. □



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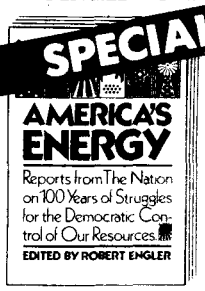
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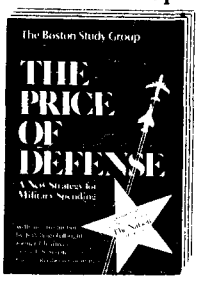

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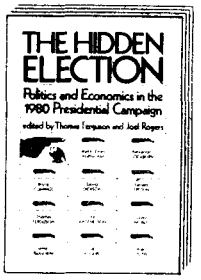

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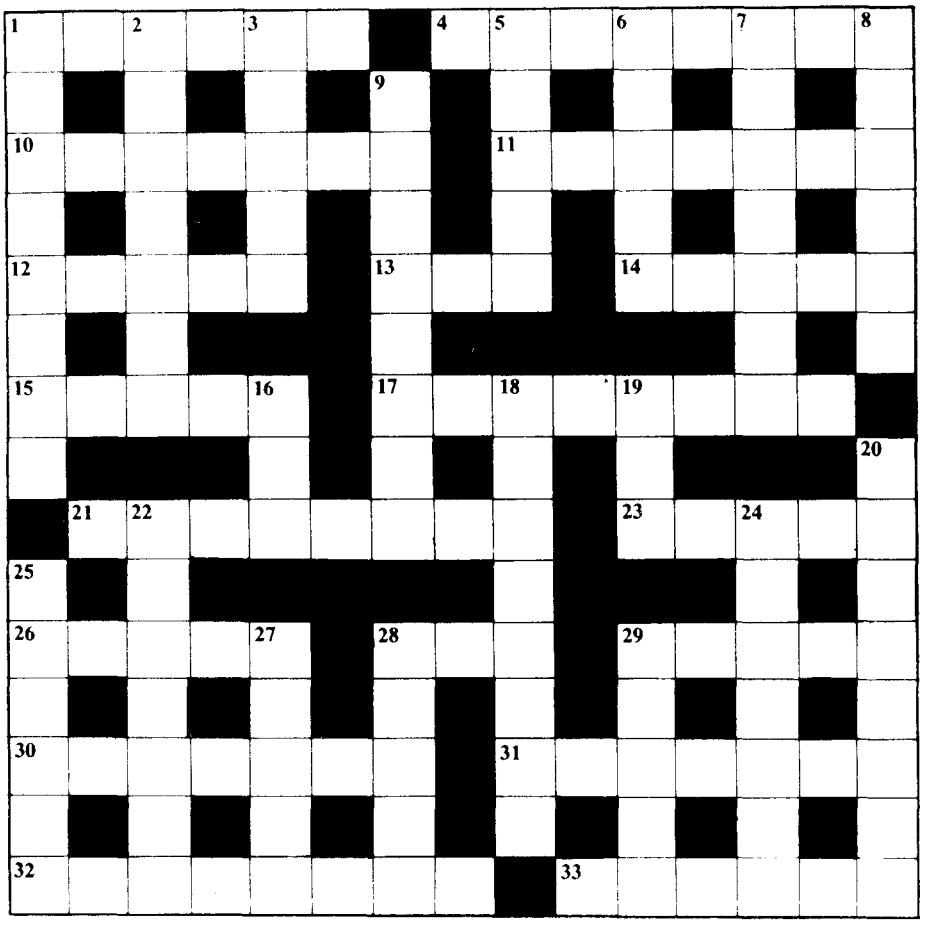

ACROSS

1 and 4 It doesn't involve a grocery store check-out—though it might show what the customer wants. (6,8)
10 One doesn't initially correspond, to do so. (7)
11 Imperial, but not a way to put you on the spot. (7)
12 See 27 down
13 Reputedly 29 down said by one who persists in things like the cube. (3)
14 Get in the fixed position of a scientist, though it suggests the home of the brave. (5)
15 A poor synonym possibly, but there may be trouble in Paradise at the beginning of the year. (5)
17 One may have a second mate, but the position is not recognizable. (8)
21 Norms set incorrectly for largely unpleasant types. (8)
23 Prohibition was supposedly such an experiment. (5)
26 Is, in the plural form, like those for the rest of the road. (5)
28 A letter from Greece or a little place in Illinois, as they say. (3)
29 But it doesn't always have an original plot! (5)
30 Descriptive of no man, paraphrasing the poet. (Man still is, however.) (7)
31 Acts like Jerry Brown, perhaps, implying the end of ruling over North and South. (7)
32 and 33 Such as hearts that are all charged up, providing music currently controlled (8,6)

DOWN

1 and 25 French sea song goes right in a state of commercial shipping with it. (8,6)
2 Had wire twisted around the skin, possibly. (7)
3 Goes out, or possibly set out about an hour before midnight. (5)
5 Beethoven wrote a piano piece for her. (5)
6 You're out of your class if they do it to you! (5)
7 A couple of seconds and first, when it comes to notes for the screen. (7)
8 One who obeys stop signs? (With a horse or a woman, it might be a put-on.) (6)
9 A book is probably or at least possibly real bad, to a point! (8)
16 and 19 Certainly they agree with the enemy's organization. (3,3)
18 Little birds proceed with what little boys might use to hurt them. (8)
19 See 16
20 Such people are pragmatic, but are confused with the tabulation of items. (8)
22 The position of certain bishops is to provide supervision. (7)
24 Is part of the club a variation to be found in Europe? (7)
25 See 1 down
27 and 12 If you're very fussy, you might get what sounds like bunny types from Yugoslavia. (5,5)
28 Part of the basic or given breed of dog. (5)
29 Repeatedly landed by Barrie? Not at all! (5)

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E	G	O	■	B	A	I	R	N	S	■	B	I	L	L
■	■	U	■	L	■	N	■	T	■	P	■	N	■	C
N	O	T	H	I	N	G	S	■	C	A	M	E	R	A
A	■	■	■	C	■	S	■	A	■	C	■	■	■	L
M	A	N	I	A	C	■	E	T	H	E	R	E	A	L
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